

The Sketch



No. 585.—VOL. XLV.

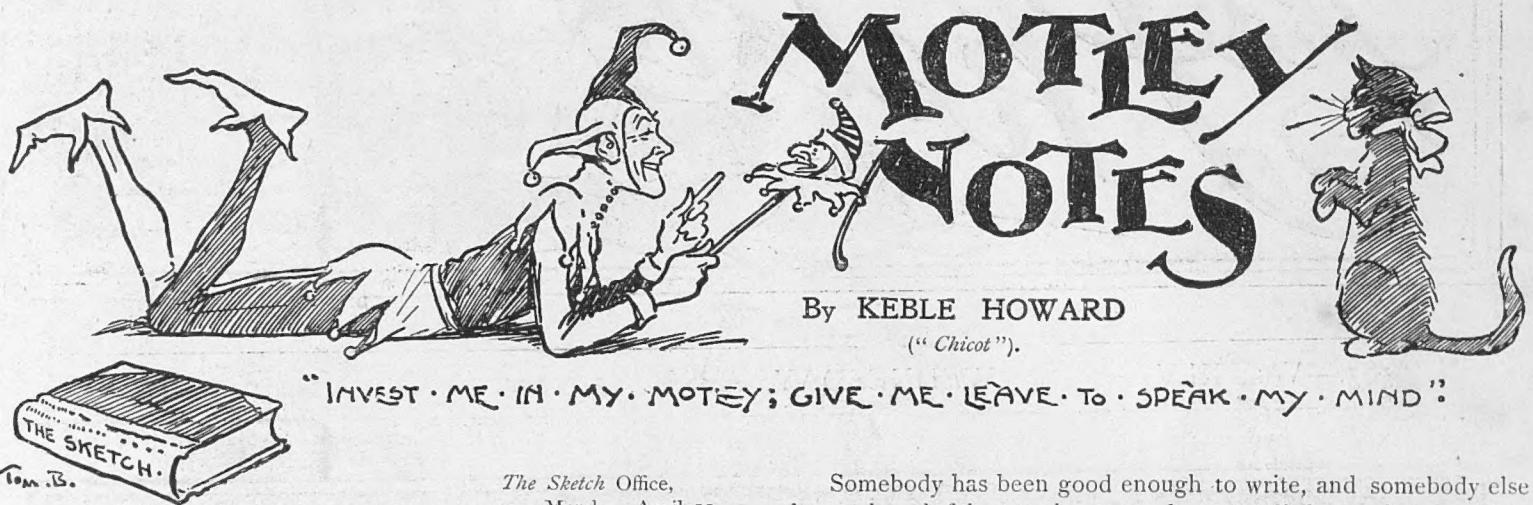
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE AS NANOYA IN "THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.



The Sketch Office,
Monday, April 11.

WHATEVER the ultimate fate in store for "The Sword of the King," Mr. Ronald Macdonald's Romantic Costume Play in Four Acts, it is certain that no member of the large audience thronging Wyndham's Theatre on Saturday evening last had any cause for complaint. Just at the outset, perhaps, the intention of the author was a wee bit vague, but the entrance of the hero proved Mr. Macdonald to be the possessor of a delicate wit and a fantastic imagination. The scene, you must know, represented Philippa's Bedchamber. The time was midnight, and all the occupants of Drayton Manor, with the exception of Philippa herself, had retired to rest. Philippa, looking sweet and simple in a frilled nightdress and a pair of bedroom slippers, was seated on the edge of the bed saying her prayers aloud. She had extinguished her lamp, but the full moon, shining in at the open window, enabled the late-comers to pick their way across our toes and bump into their seats.

The window, as I have said, was wide open, and that despite the fact that those were troublous times. Suddenly there fell on the ears of the picturesque supplicant a low whistle. She jumped up, ran to the window, and discovered that her handsome lover was caracoling and curveting in the garden below.

"Edward," she cried, "it is you!"

"Faith, pretty one, it is I!" said Edward.

"Have a care!" she warned him. "There is a price on your head!"

Whereupon Edward, the dashing fellow, laughed heartily, and declared that he would not leave until he had snatched a kiss from those fair lips. Now the window, as luck would have it, was only nine feet from the ground, and, for a man of Edward's agility, it was a mere nothing to lean his horse against the side of the house, stand on the saddle, and so exchange embraces and kisses with his lady-love in full view of the audience. Every now and then, as you will easily understand, Edward had to cry "Woa, mare!" to the patient creature entangled in the climbing rose-tree, but, roughly speaking, the situation was idyllic. It smacked, too, of novelty, yet Mr. Macdonald had a still more ingenious surprise in store.

Just as the lovers were completing the farewell kiss, Edward's pursuers pranced into the garden. We didn't see them, for the simple reason that they were sitting, and not standing, on their saddles. We heard the rascals, though, and so did the mare. Refusing to "Woa!" any longer, the terrified animal bolted forthwith, leaving poor Edward clinging to the window-sill like a sort of Absalom in top-boots. There was a picture for us! But Philippa, that dauntless girl, was equal to the emergency. Quick as thought, she pulled the warrior into the room, and pushed him, spurs and all, into her little white bed. Then, throwing wide the door, she admitted the leader of the pursuers and her father.

"Who is that in the bed?" asked the sergeant. He was an unsophisticated fellow, and meant no harm.

"My old nurse," said Philippa.

"Your old nurse?" said Philippa's father, stupidly enough. "What's she sleeping in here for?"

"Because I was frightened of the soldiers," said Philippa. Then, in a whisper, she added, "It isn't really. It's Edward."

"Oh!" replied Sir Michael, "I quite understand. The dear boy!"

Eventually, the good-natured sergeant went away, taking his men with him, and Edward, for the time being, was saved. . . . Now, having made allowances for the fact that the dialogue is mine own, how like you the pretty wit of Mr. Ronald Macdonald?

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

Somebody has been good enough to write, and somebody else has been thoughtful enough to send me, a little book entitled "The Better Side of Marriage." The object of the author, I gather, is to show that marriage, as an institution, is not half so bad as many people pretend. Not for one moment would I claim to rank as an authority on the subject, but, at any rate, I have the advantage of being an onlooker instead of a player. Speaking, then, as such an one, I am inclined to agree with my unknown friend when he declares that, before entering into the state of matrimony, both men and women should have ample testimony of their qualifications for such a life. I search this little volume in vain, however, for any hint as to how this testimony is to be obtained. True, the writer has many warnings to deliver, but advice of so negative a nature is calculated to defeat the professed purpose of the treatise. For example: "It is well to be assured beforehand that a woman is kind to her father and brothers, that she can cheerfully endure their whims and failings; that she is truly fond of children, and is not irritated by their pranks; that she is tidy and neat in personal habits, and methodical and systematic in household duties." One cannot repress the thought that the author of "The Better Side of Marriage" is, in reality, a misogynist disguised as a prig.

The man of the hour in the world of letters is Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, author of "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." Have you read the book? It is a delightful fantasy; a whimsical romance; a delicious absurdity; an incomprehensible tit-bit; a piece of admirable fooling; a philosophic farce; a wondrous prophecy; a biting sarcasm; an inimitable record-breaker. It combines the subtlety of "Alice in Wonderland" with the humour of "Three Men in a Boat." It reminds one of Mark Twain at his happiest; Gilbert at his maddest; Dickens at his merriest; Thackeray at his grimmest. It rocks with joy, palpitates with mirth, scintillates with wit. Aristotle, had it not been for certain limitations of intellect, might have written it to while away a summer holiday. Plato would have roared over it. Xenophon would have voted it dull. Mr. Chesterton stands alone. He has raised a new Notting Hill to his own memory. The glory—Eh? Oh, no, I haven't read it myself, but I have selected a few phrases from a few of the reviews. Mind you, I had fully intended to read it. I even went so far as to shut myself up with a presentation copy, an ounce of tobacco, and a favourite pipe. In the second paragraph, however, I came across the following remarks: "Individually, men may present a more or less rational appearance, eating, sleeping, and scheming. But humanity as a whole is changeable, mystical, fickle, delightful. Men are men, but Man is a woman . . ." The profundity of the thought impressed me deeply. I laid the volume aside and tried to think the thing out. I am still trying.

The boom in Chestertons, by the way, may have led you to believe that "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" was the only novel on the market. That is not the case. During the Easter holidays—I refused to wonder why Man was a woman during the Easter holidays—I read two excellent books. One was "The Woman with the Fan," by Robert Hichens. I have never before succeeded in reading Mr. Hichens straight through, but "The Woman with the Fan" has quite won me over. Indeed, had I written a notice of the novel immediately after I had finished it, my enthusiasm would certainly have broken down my accustomed restraint. The other book was "The Price of Youth," by Margery Williams. I admit that there is nothing whimsical, or fantastic, or incomprehensible about this story. It is merely human, and sincere, and real. The reviewers have not raved about it, but you and I, simple-minded reader, are more easily pleased, aren't we? It is not given to all of us, you see, to comprehend the incomprehensible.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE: MISS IDA MOLESWORTH'S SEASON.



"THE SWORD OF THE KING": A ROMANTIC PLAY BY RONALD MACDONALD.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER. (SEE "MOTLEY NOTES.")



The Anglo-French Agreement—Russian Friendship—The Fight in Thibet.

MOST happily, another step has been taken in cementing the good understanding which exists between Great Britain and France, and the terms on which we and our neighbours are to rub shoulders amicably in Africa, Asia, and America have been definitely settled. Now the question of a similar understanding with France's ally is becoming a subject familiar in all men's mouths, and that we should all be talking of a possible understanding with Russia while that nation is at war with our ally, Japan, shows what little partisanship is felt in this country. There never was a war which seemed so far off and so uneventful as the present one, and when in the summer the great land-battles come the public will have almost forgotten that the two nations are fighting.

If I may hazard a guess, I would venture one that, of the ambitions of our most tactful and most patriotic King, one is to bring his country and the country ruled over by his nephew into an agreement which will guarantee to Great Britain a perpetual peaceable possession of India. When the Russian Grand Dukes came to India on a shooting expedition, they spoke with the greatest frankness to all the English officers they met on the subject of the Russian advance, and said, in effect, "We do not want India, but Russia does want some other things which your country withholds from her, and if we had those there would never be any need for British suspicions of Russian aggression." There could be no possible doubt as to the sincerity of the members of the Russian Royal Family, and they were very earnest in their wish that the two countries should be friends.

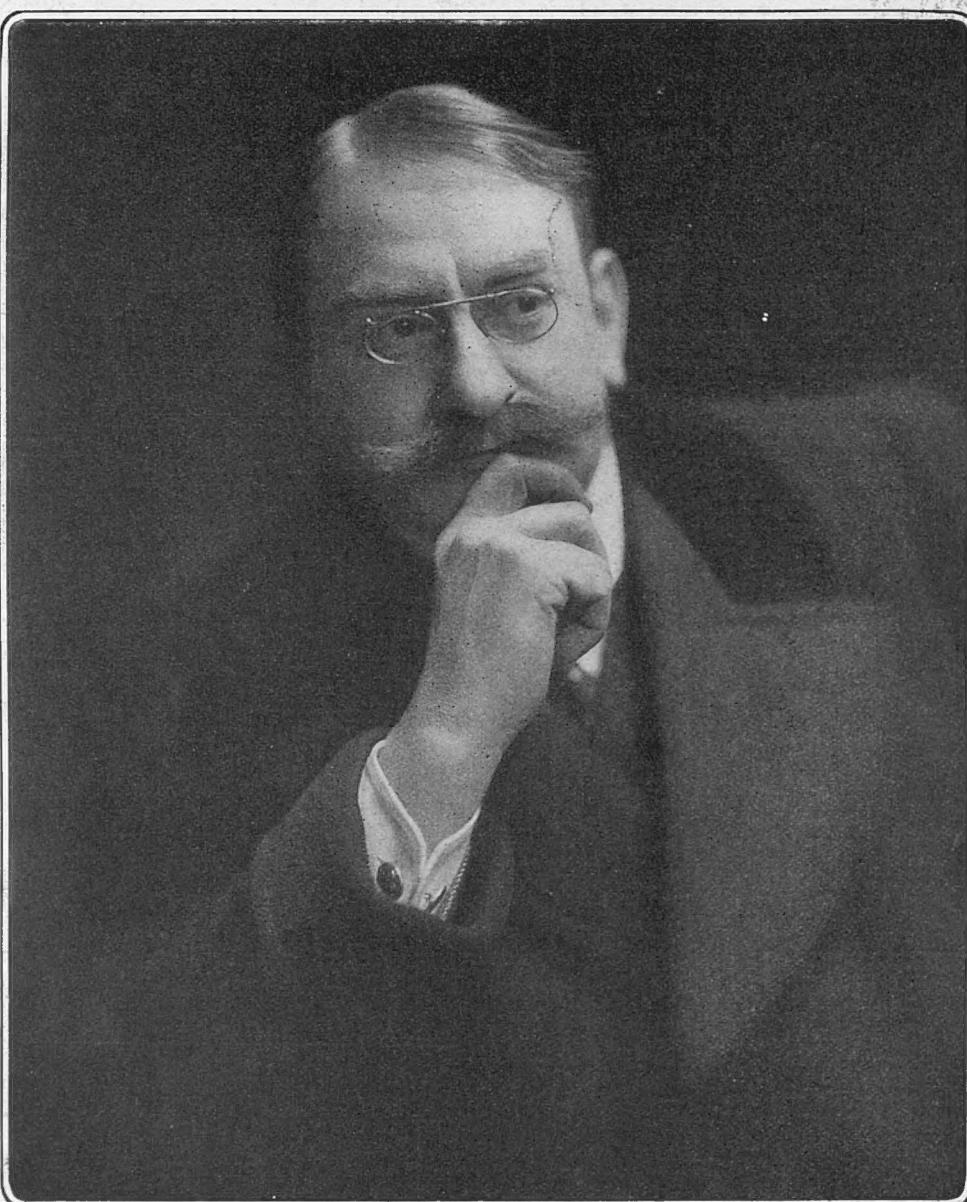
In this they echoed the hope of the present Czar, who spoke in the same strain when he also came to India to shoot his tigers, and who has asserted his friendship for England and the English to all those Britons who have been honoured with an audience since he ascended the throne. The Russians and the British are very good friends when they do meet; for the subjects of the Czar are, in the main, a most kindly people. When, in the days of the Crimean War, some of our officers and men fell as prisoners into Russian hands, they were sent to towns far in the interior. At the conclusion of the war they came back to England, and had no tales to tell of the horrors of prison such as returned captives used to relate during the period of the Napoleonic wars. They were all fat with good living and little exercise, and had many stories of Russian kind-heartedness.

Of course, the voice of Russia is the voice of the Czar, but the deeds of Russia are generally those of his Ministers, and on her far frontiers there are hundreds of semi-Asiatics always ready to stir up trouble, quite aware that they will be officially blamed, but equally assured that, if the conflagration they light is of use to their adopted nation, they will eventually be rewarded. Our King has proved himself the most splendid of all our Ambassadors, and the personal overture he made for French friendship has now borne definite fruit. If, in years to come, some such agreement between Russia and Britain follows that now signed with our friends across the Channel, I dare prophesy that our King will once more have played his part as the great maker of international friendships.

In spite of the impatience of the readers of the morning papers who have stuck Russian and Japanese flags opposite to each other where the Yalu runs across the map, the Russian Commander-in-Chief will not fight until he is ready, and he is in no hurry. When General

Kuropatkin accepted the supreme command, he did so on the understanding that he should be allowed to carry out his concentration as he wished, and should be permitted, if he thought it necessary, to fall back indefinitely. Unless the Japanese can find some means to force the General's hand, he will choose his own times and his own places to fight the great land-battles, though he naturally will make the passage of the Yalu as difficult as possible to his enemies.

It is not often that I indulge in the irritating habit of saying "I told you so," but when in the autumn I wrote of the hardships which the Thibetan Mission and its escort would have to endure during the winter months and asserted that the Thibetans would fight, I was taken to task by one or two kindly critics, who called me an alarmist. I felt sure that the Thibetan nature and the Thibetan climate had not changed since the days when I looked on the "Forbidden Land" from the hills of Sikkim and met the Chinese Amban and some of his followers at a Darjeeling picnic. The Chinese enjoyed themselves, on the occasion of the signing of the treaty which has



MR. DUDLEY HARDY, R.I.: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SINCE HIS RECOVERY FROM APPENDICITIS.

By H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

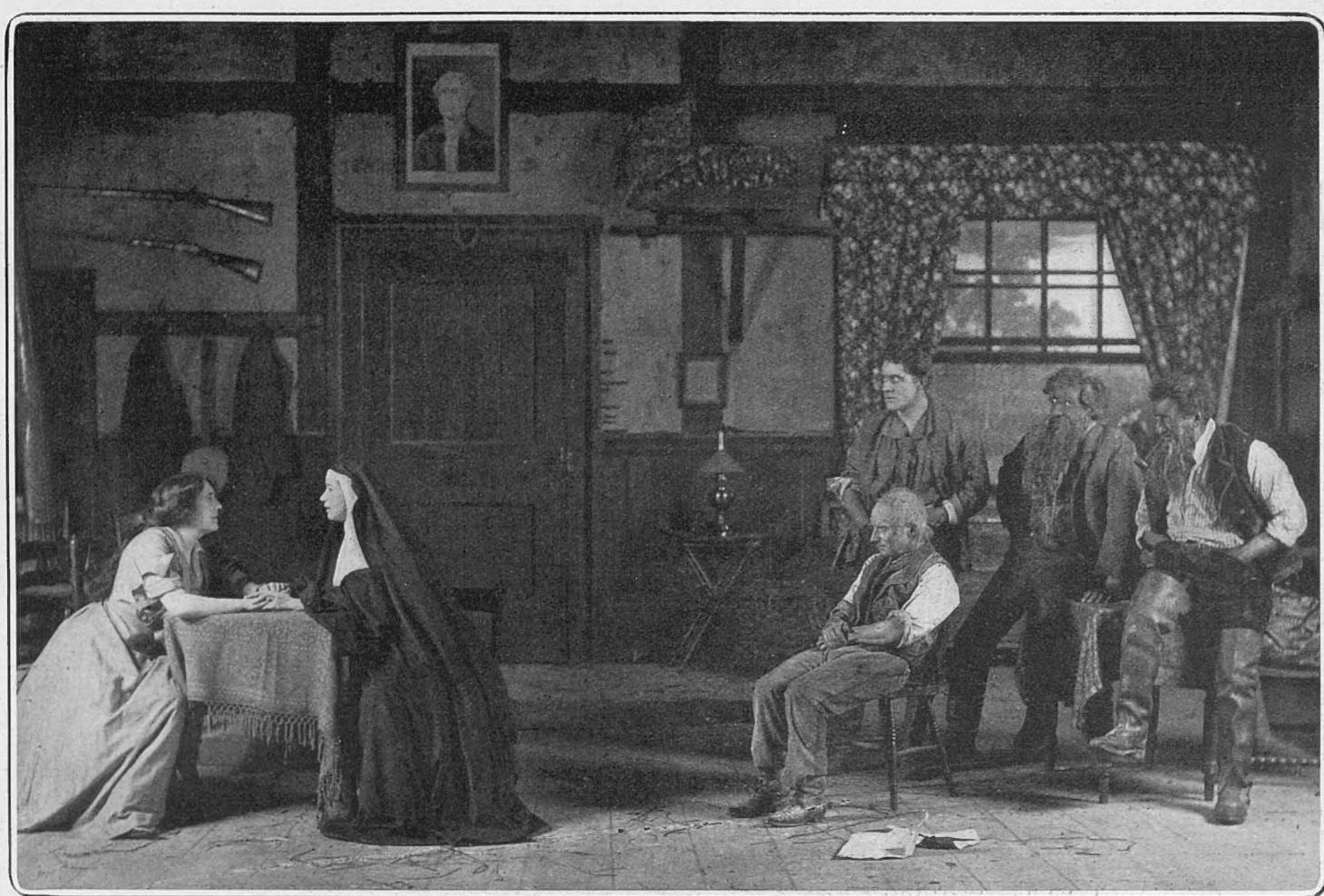
not been kept, so thoroughly in British territory that they were very unwilling to return to Lhassa. The Amban who has sent a message asking the British Mission to retire is really a prisoner at the Thibetan capital. He was forced to go there or to lose his position in China, and there is probably no official in the world in quite such an uncomfortable position as he is. There is a suggestion that a British Resident may be appointed as adviser to the Court at Lhassa. He will not be a man to be envied, and will be much in the position our Resident at Khatmandu was before the British and the Nepalese became fast friends.

Mr. Dudley Hardy's recovery from the operation he underwent for appendicitis is now happily complete, much to the joy of his many friends and admirers. To the "Man in the Street," Mr. Hardy is known chiefly, perhaps, through his striking posters and the clever drawings he has contributed to *The Sketch*; but he is even happier in more ambitious conceptions. By the way, it seems necessary to state that "Chicot's" light-hearted reference to his artistic colleague in last week's "Motley Notes" was not intended to be read seriously.

TWO DRAMATIC SCENES FROM "SUNDAY," THE NEW PLAY AT THE COMEDY.

(SEE "THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.")

Jacky (Mr. Alfred Kendrick). Davy (Mr. Alfred Brydone).

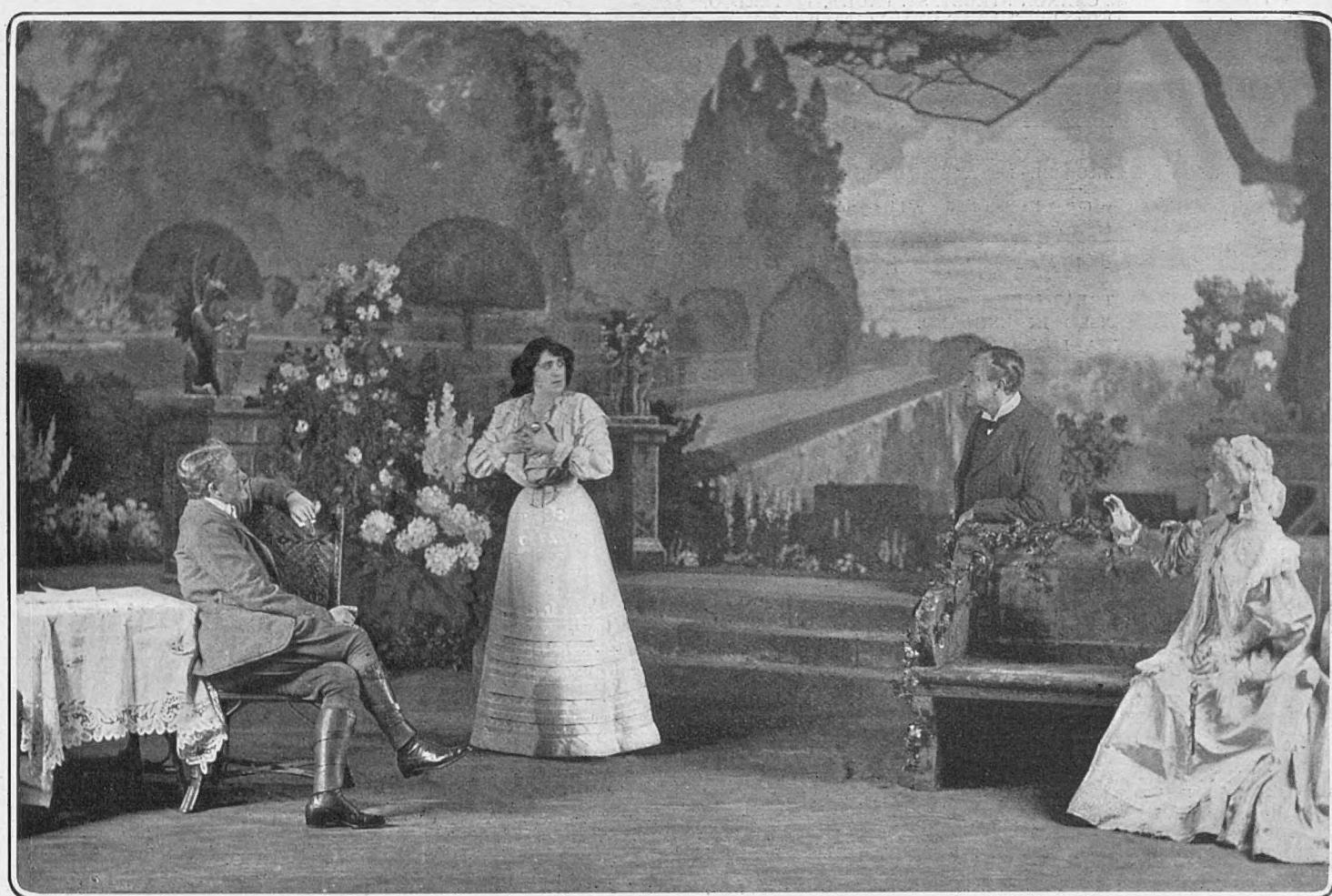


Sunday (Miss Julia Neilson). A Nun (Miss Edyth Olive).

Lively (Mr. Horace Hodges).

Towzer (Mr. Louis Calvert).

ACT I.—THE LIVING-ROOM IN A HOUSE IN A REMOTE WESTERN TOWNSHIP, SILVER CREEK.

SUNDAY: *Go on; say some more nice things about me!*

Colonel Brinthorpe (Mr. Fred Terry).

Sunday (Miss Julia Neilson).

Tom Oxley (Mr. J. D. Beveridge). Mrs. Naresby (Miss Bella Pateman).

ACT II.—BRINTHORPE ABBEY.

SUNDAY: *I shan't stay with you! I'm going home! I'm going home to the boys!*

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Zakkuri MR. TREE.
Yo San MISS LENA ASHWELL.
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APRIL 16.

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APRIL 16.

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April 13, 1904.

Signature.....



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

London Season. The Court which is to take place on the 22nd will be a sober function, though the King has thoughtfully made it known that those ladies who had ordered coloured Court-dresses are not expected to appear in mourning.

The Royal Irish Visit.

The Royal Irish visit will, if brief, be exceedingly brilliant, and great preparations are already being made at Kilkenny Castle in order that Lord and Lady Ormonde may extend a fitting welcome to the Sovereign and his Consort. It seems likely that from Kilkenny their Majesties will go on to Lismore, the splendid Castle overhanging the Blackwater where the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire generally spend a portion of each spring. While in Dublin the King and Queen will stay at the Viceregal Lodge, and there will be a constant round of functions at Dublin Castle, where the Viceroy and Lady Dudley will be in residence during the Royal visit.

The Grand Duke Michael's British Home.

At the present moment, there is something rather piquant in the thought that a member of the Russian Imperial Family should have become, for half the year at any rate, an English country-gentleman. Soon His Imperial Highness and his charming wife, the Countess Torby, will be settled down again for the summer at Keele Hall, Mr. Ralph Sneyd's famous place in Staffordshire. There the

THE King and Queen will spend the interval between their return from Denmark and their departure for Ireland in London, though it is, of course, possible that the Queen will find time to pay a flying visit to Sandringham, where are centred so many of her home interests. It is said in Copenhagen that King Christian's eldest and best-loved daughter has persuaded him to arrange to make a stay with her during the

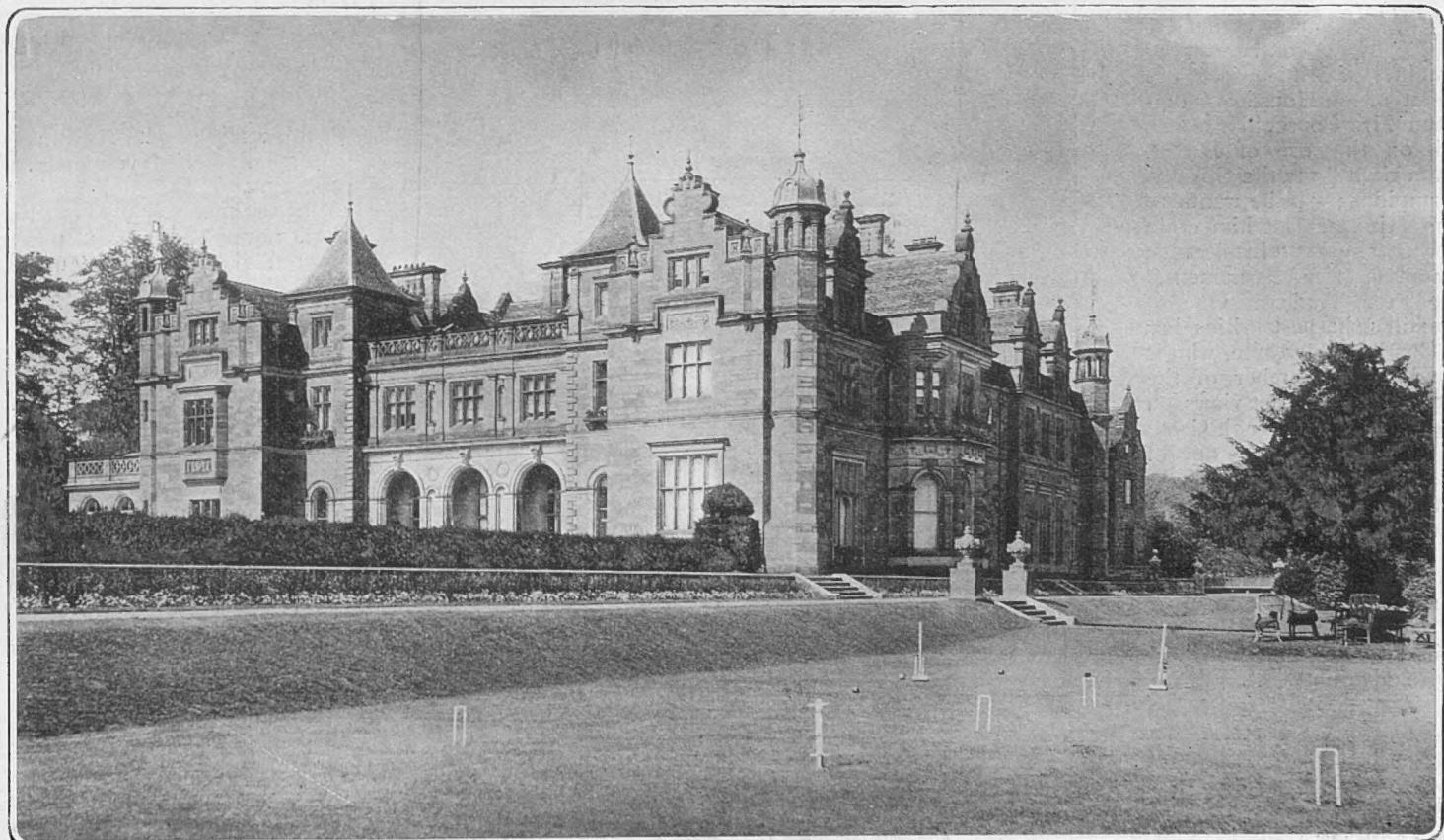
Grand Duke and the Countess often entertain parties of their British friends, and among their guests has more than once been the King, who is much attached to them both and who is godfather to their eldest child. Keele Hall is within a drive of Trentham, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland's stately country-house.

Prince Christian's Protest.

Prince Christian and his son, Prince Albert, who is a Captain in the Prussian Life Guards Hussars, have joined Duke Ernest Günther, the brother of the German Empress, in protesting against the settlement of the succession to the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg. The Oldenburg Government wish the succession to go to the Sonderburg-Glücksburg line, but Prince Christian feels strongly that the Sonderburg-Augustenburg line, to which he himself belongs, ought to be preferred, as being the elder. Everyone over here would be sorry to lose Prince and Princess Christian and their family, for they have made themselves extremely popular. The Prince is especially interested in agriculture, a subject on which he is extremely well informed, and he has frequently held office in the principal Agricultural Societies of the kingdom. Princess Christian's charitable work is well known.

Glasgow's New Chancellor.

The unanimous election of Lord Kelvin to be Chancellor of Glasgow University, in succession to the late Earl of Stair, is interesting not only on personal grounds, but also because it indicates that, in the future, these dignified offices will be more and more conferred upon the great pioneers of science. Lord Kelvin, whose whole aspect is most picturesque and venerable, will be eighty next June—and a remarkably vigorous eighty, too. Although he happened to be born at Belfast, yet his heart is really in Glasgow, and he took his title from the Kelvin, the little stream of which the name is preserved in Kelvin-side. As an electrical engineer—indeed, perhaps the greatest physicist that this country has ever produced—Lord Kelvin is the author of numerous inventions, by means of which, with the shrewdness of his race, he has lined his pockets very substantially. He is certainly one of our grandest old men and has been abundantly honoured. He is one of those on whom the King conferred the Order of Merit, and he has probably more honorary degrees than anyone now living; for instance, he has the "LL.D." of no fewer than nine Universities, and he is one of the two people on whom the University of London has conferred the honorary "D.Sc.," the other being Lord Lister.



KEELE HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE, THE ENGLISH HOME OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

Photograph by Gover and Co., Hanley.

Prospects of Dissolution.

"What about a Dissolution?" is the question of most interest to Parliamentarians on their return from the Easter holidays. It has been said all along by experienced Liberals that the critical time for the Government would be between Easter and Whitsuntide. Both the Budget and the Licensing Bill have been looked forward to as very dangerous pieces of business. On the other hand, the average friend of the Government says he sees no reason why they should not go on for another year. Mr. Balfour will not resign unless defeated on a vital issue in the House of Commons, and all efforts to beat him on such an issue before Easter proved futile.

When Mr. Chamberlain Returns. "Wait till Joe comes back" has become one of the catch-phrases of the House of Commons.

The House has been lively even in his absence, but when he is back it will be livelier still. His keen face and his eyeglass seem to animate his adversaries. They hope to draw him into declarations on the Fiscal Question which will make the Government position untenable. On the other hand, the fiscal reformers will feel happier and more confident when they see him again. But what about Mr. Balfour? Everyone is speculating as to Mr. Chamberlain's intentions concerning the present Administration. Will he give the signal for the Dissolution soon?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's position will not be entirely enviable

when he submits the Budget on Tuesday. With a realised deficit in the past year, and a prospective deficit in the new year, it cannot be a popular Budget. Even the financial genius of a Gladstone would scarcely enable the Chancellor to dazzle the country with the figures. Yet this is Mr. Austen Chamberlain's first Budget, and it may be his last for several years. It may also be the last on which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will speak in the House of Commons, and both Sir Michael and the other ex-Chancellor on the Conservative side, Mr. Ritchie, will watch the financial proposals with the eyes of Free Fooders. If Sir William Harcourt is able, he also will join in the debate, and will, no doubt, mix stern counsel with friendly wishes for the clever son of his former colleague.

The Churchill Boycott. There has been a great deal of controversy as

to the conduct of Ministerialists in walking out of the House of Commons when Mr. Churchill rose to address it on the eve of Easter. "Serve him right," say the Government champions; "if he wants to attack the Ministers, let him cross to the other side." "Intolerance unworthy of a free Parliament," retort the Free Traders. One of Mr. Churchill's sharpest critics has been Sir Charles Dalrymple, who is an old and silent member of the House and who has strict views on Party discipline. Lord Hugh Cecil, on the other hand, has been one of his ablest champions in the Press and has threatened reprisals by the Free Traders. It is expected that there will be other displays of strong feeling during the Session, and meantime the independent member whom loyal supporters of the Government desired to snub has received an extensive advertisement.

A Lady Composer. It is always asserted that music, alone among the arts, has not yet been particularly kind to the fair sex, and lady composers are few and far to seek. A striking exception is Mrs. Alicia Needham,

who, though still quite young, has had a long series of triumphs. For five years in succession she won the prize for the best original song sung at the Irish Musical Festival, and she won the hundred-pound prize for a Coronation Song of which the words, written by Mr. Harold Begbie, were entitled "The Seventh English Edward." Mrs. Needham, who is the wife of a medical man, has written many popular songs, including "Who Carries the Gun?" She is particularly happy both in composing martial music and in her lullaby songs.

Maurice Maeterlinck. The author of "The Life of a Bee" has now

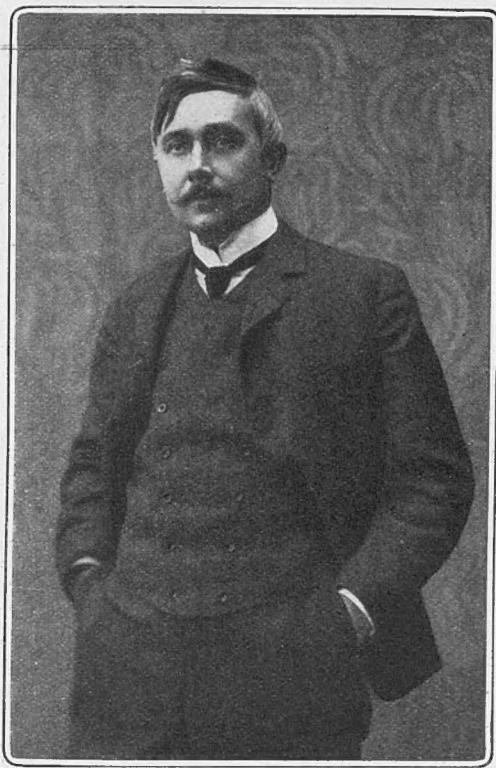
been "turned on" by his British and American admirers to write on every conceivable subject interesting humanity, and wonderful tales are told of the immense prices which have been earned by him, thanks to this encyclopædic power of article-writing. The famous Belgian poet must often look back with astonishment to the days when he lived a comparatively quiet and humble life in the little Belgian town of which he has written so many charming descriptions. Now he has set up his household gods in Paris, partly, no doubt, to please his brilliant actress-wife, Madame Georgette Leblanc, and he has become, as a glance at his photograph will show, quite Parisian in appearance.

Mdlle. Moreno. Mdlle. Moreno, who is the wife of Marcel Schwob, "Hamlet's" translator into French, and who, until she joined the Divine Sarah, was at the Comédie-Française, has shared the success of "La Sorcière" with Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and her performance as the crone Afrida has drawn all Paris to see it (writes our Correspondent). Moreno is ironic

wit made woman. Slim, lithesome as a willow-wand, and rather above average height, her face is what one would imagine Irony should be if sculpted from an almond or in ivory by a sculptor of genius. Moreno's conversation is not only amusing and instructive, but cinématographic. You meet her out at lunch. She eats no lunch, but talks. Somebody

mentions the Japanese War. Her cheek-bones rise, her eyes become mere slits, and her snake-fingered hands are eloquently Japanese. I don't pretend to explain how she does it, but she becomes grave Jap diplomatist, Jap warrior, and geisha-girl bewilderingly quickly. A moment after, she is Tartar, literally to the finger-tips, exclaiming "Vive la F-rance!" and bubbling with amusement at our astonishment. Then someone tells a story of a play. "Have I told you of my new play on Lohengrin?" she says. "It's really good. It is a sequel to the 'Lohengrin' you know. They are married, and Lohengrin makes Elsa swear a solemn oath that she will never seek to penetrate his secret." "And—?" we all say. All Moreno's ten fingers twinkle with delight as she continues, "And . . . she doesn't seek to penetrate his secret. Voilà tout."

An hour later, Moreno is the Céline de Fleurange of "L'Escarpolette," a dainty Fragonard Marquise, powdered and patched, and as unlike Afrida or the various types of Japanese she had been showing us as you can well imagine. She seems to own a whole chime of golden and of silver bells in that marvellous voice of hers, going from grave to gay, from molten gold to tinkling silver, and off to old Afrida's high-pitched, cracked voice with the ease and rapidity of a vocal Fregoli. I have compared her to a statue of Irony; I should, perhaps, have used for my comparison the masks of Comedy and Tragedy of the old Greeks, for Moreno is one or other of them as the spirit moves her.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

Taken by Gerschel, Paris.



MRS. ALICIA NEEDHAM, THE WELL-KNOWN SONG-COMPOSER.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Miss Winifred Paget.

The great bridal of this month takes place on the 23rd, when Miss Winifred Paget, the pretty daughter of the good-looking Victorian man-about-town who used to be known as Lord "Dandy" Paget becomes Lady Ingestre. To be the future Countess of Shrewsbury is one of

the greatest positions open to modern English girlhood, and by a curious coincidence both Lady Alexander Paget's daughters were engaged to future Earls about the same time, but the younger of the two, Miss Beatrice Paget, became Lady Herbert some few weeks ago. The two sisters are exceptionally good-looking, and it is said that they are also much more accomplished than are most of their contemporaries; if this be the case, they should form a valuable addition to the younger hostesses of the great world.

One of the prettiest April brides will be Miss Eileene Fenton Newall. Her father, Major H. G. Fenton Newall, is well known at St. Andrews,

where he is the owner of the Links House. It is at St. Andrews that the marriage is to take place, the bridegroom being Mr. Henry Campbell Stuart, the eldest son and heir of Mr. Windsor Stuart, of Foley House, Isle of Bute; and to-day week the beautiful old University town of St. Andrews will be *en fête* in honour of what is sure to be a typical Scottish wedding.

An Interesting Wedding.

There was a very pretty and interesting wedding at Christ Church, Westminster, on the 9th inst., when, for once, more interest was taken in the bridegroom than in the bride, although she is handsome and extremely attractive. Mr. Ernest H. Shackleton, who is Secretary to the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, was Third Lieutenant of the *Discovery*, of the National Antarctic Expedition, and was with Captain Scott and Dr. Wilson on the record journey in 1901-2, when the furthest southerly point was reached. Unfortunately, Mr. Shackleton was invalidated home owing to an overstrain, and had to come back on board the *Morning*. The guests included many well-known persons interested in the Expedition. After the ceremony, a reception was held by the bride's sisters at 3, Queen Anne's Mansions.

The Prince of Leiningen.

Following close after the death of the Duke of Cambridge, the King and Queen have suffered another severe loss in the sudden death of Admiral the Prince of Leiningen, in his seventy-fourth year. The Prince, who shared the same birthday, Nov. 9, with the King, was His Majesty's first-cousin, his father having been a half-brother of Queen Victoria.



MISS WINIFRED PAGET, WHO WILL BECOME LADY INGESTRE ON APRIL 23.

Photograph by Beresford.

where he is the owner of the Links House. It is at St. Andrews that the marriage is to take place, the bridegroom being Mr. Henry Campbell Stuart, the eldest son and heir of Mr. Windsor Stuart, of Foley House, Isle of Bute; and to-day week the beautiful old University town of St. Andrews will be *en fête* in honour of what is sure to be a typical Scottish wedding.

He was devoted to his profession, in which he served for nearly half-a-century, and he was universally popular in the sea-service. On the outbreak of the Crimean War, while still a midshipman, he took part in a smart piece of work at Giurgevo, on the Danube, checking Prince Gortschakoff's whole army with a mere handful of bluejackets. For this he received promotion to Lieutenant and a special gold medal from the Turkish Government. Afterwards he took part in the bombardment of Sveaborg, and he had already served in the second Burmese War.

Queen Victoria's Affection.

The command of the Royal Yacht was conferred on the Prince of Leiningen by his aunt, Queen Victoria, in 1863. Her Majesty had sincerely mourned his father, concerning whose death in 1856 she wrote to the King of the Belgians: "I loved my dearest only brother most tenderly. We three were particularly fond of each other, and never felt or fancied that we were not real *Geschwister* (children of the same parents). We knew but one parent, our mother, so we became very closely united, and so I grew up; the distance which difference of age placed between us entirely vanished." Writing about the same time to his mother, Prince Albert alludes to the new Prince of Leiningen, the one whose death has just occurred, and he says: "Ernest is



AN APRIL BRIDE: MISS EILEENE FENTON NEWALL.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

out-and-out a good and noble man, worthy of the utmost confidence and respect. He is generally liked in his difficult service, and has already faced many dangers; I wish I could secure him a happy future." The Prince Consort goes on to mention the grief of the Princess Royal, afterwards the Empress Frederick, and he says, "Vicky was greatly attached to her uncle, as, indeed, were all the children."

A Noble Chairman. Lord Duncannon, who now assumes the Chairmanship of the Gordon Hotels, is no gilded nonentity. Like his brother-in-law, Lord Wimborne, he is a man of sterling business ability and used to managing large interests. What is, perhaps, particularly important in such a post as he has just accepted, Lord Duncannon has a wide knowledge of men, for he was Secretary to Lord Peel when the latter was Speaker. He was also a member, and a very active one, of the Charity Organisation Committee. Lord Duncannon is exceedingly fortunate in his wife, who, as Miss Blanche Guest, was considered one of the most intelligent débutantes of the mid-Victorian era. She has organised a most successful Irish Cottage Industry, that of Garryhill, and she has proved triumphantly that this kind of charitable hobby can be made to pay its way. Like her mother, the late Lady Charlotte Schreiber, Lady Duncannon is an enthusiastic collector of rare and beautiful objects of art.



Photograph by Martin Jagolette.

MISS E. DORMAN.

MARRIED AT CHRIST CHURCH, WESTMINSTER, ON SATURDAY LAST.



Photograph by Messrs. Thomson.

LIEUTENANT E. H. SHACKLETON.

Coaling Ship. In the days of dashing frigates and cargo-ships whose sole motive-power was the wind the problem of coal-consumption had not arisen. Nowadays, however, both in the Royal Navy and in the Commercial Marine the question of coal-storage is a most important one, for with the multiplicity of engines and the necessary boilers the quantity used has become enormous. Coaling ship is done in a variety of ways, both in port and at sea, and is one of the disagreeable necessities of modern life on the ocean-wave. Whether the fuel is taken on board from lighters or colliers, or carried by coolies from the quay to the ship, the erstwhile spruce battleship and crew are almost smothered in dirt and coal-dust before the task is completed. This, however, is the age of records, and the ship which takes in the greatest quantity of coal in the shortest space of time occupies almost as proud a position as the vessel which stands at the head of the gunnery list. The accompanying picture of the officers and men of the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, one of the finest battleships of the German Navy, gives a good idea of the appearance of the crew of a smart man-of-war after coaling.

Port Arthur. Since the Japanese bombardment has once more brought Port Arthur into notoriety, everybody is asking why the place is called Port Arthur, and nobody seems to

crowd, Kawakami was robbed of a splendid watch which had been given him by the Czar when, as the Czarevitch, he was travelling in Japan. Some days later, he received a small parcel by post, which, he found, contained his presentation watch, with a note to this effect: "A Japanese cannot keep a watch on which is engraved a portrait of the Czar." It is to be hoped that Kawakami will leave his watch at home when he follows the Army to Korea.

Mr. W. J. Ford. The eldest of the famous cricketing family of the Fords died last week. He was captain of the Repton School eleven in 1872, and played for Cambridge against Oxford in the following year, but did not again play in the Inter-University match. He was a "last-minute" Blue; but, as is often the case, he made a good score, hitting up fifty-one not out in the first innings. In his monumental work, "The Cambridge University Cricket Club," Mr. Ford recorded a graceful thing that William Yardley said to him in 1873. Not having got his blue blazer in time for the Varsity match, Ford asked Yardley to lend him his, to which Yardley replied, "With all the pleasure in the world, and I hope my mantle will fall on your shoulders in more senses than one." Though he did not play against Oxford in 1874, he took part in the match against the Gentlemen, hitting a ball to leg clean out of Fennel's.



THE CREW OF A GERMAN BATTLESHIP AFTER COALING.

know the reason. The bay, no doubt, had, and probably still has, a Chinese name, but nowadays even the Russians call the harbour by its English title. It came about in this way. In 1857, before the war which England and France declared against China, an English cruiser, named the *Algerine*, entered the bay at the end of the Liao-tung Peninsula, and is said to have been the first European vessel to do so. The Commander of the cruiser happened to be Captain W. Arthur, and the crew, not knowing what the Chinese called it, gave the harbour the name of their Captain, and the title has stuck to it ever since. Now, however, the Russians are credited with the intention of altering the name and calling the place Port Nicholas, after the Czar. They will probably wait until the port is safe from capture by Admiral Togo, for, if the worst comes to the worst, they will doubtless prefer that the bay shall be lost under its English name rather than under that of the Czar.

Art Before Everything. In order to study war on the spot, from the point of view of dramatic art, several actors of Tokyo have decided to start for Korea. One of these devoted students of art is the famous actor Kawakami, of whom an amusing story is told. He was at Osaka when the news of the first bombardment of Port Arthur arrived, and he took part in the torchlight procession which the city organised to celebrate the occasion. In the

Madame Jacques Richepin.

Madame Jacques Richepin, as she is habitually called by all theatrical and literary Paris, is better known to the British playgoer who delights in the French drama under her maiden-name of Cora Laparcerie. Her husband is the son of the famous poet whose work is too little known in this country, but who has written—in addition to some excellent plays, several of which have been acted at the Théâtre-Français—at least one book which may be immortal, namely, "La Glu." M. Jacques Richepin is himself a poet and a dramatist, and he adapted "The Merry Wives of Windsor," under the name of "Falstaff," for the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre. His wife has recently been playing with Coquelin in "Cyrano de Bergerac," at the Gaîté Theatre.

"Doping" in Paris.

The reckless use which the French make of English sporting terms is always a source of much innocent amusement, but in their handling of the English, or rather, American word "dope" they have surpassed themselves. They apply it to the Parisian cabmen in this way: If a sportsman wishes to get to his destination at top-speed, he says to the cocher, "Je dope," which means that he will give an extra tip for fast driving. Every Parisian cabman knows what the word means, and though, as a rule, he drives furiously, when "dope" is applied to him he is yet more headlong in his career.



Small Talk on the Boulevards.

I HAVE been wondering why it is that the busy Briton invariably selects holiday-time, Easter or Whitsuntide for choice, to do his business in the Ville Lumière, and also how he contrives to do so much of it at Maxim's, the Folies-Bergères, and other places of amusement (writes our Correspondent). During

hairdresser in the new play, "Varennes."

He also "wigged" La Réjan e-Montansier, Coquelin - St. Phar, and Guitry-Bergeret in their last triumphs, and, altogether, is as much at home upon the Boulevards as he is in Covent Garden. "I found a hirsute *entente cordiale* with Paris long before Lansdowne and Delcassé hit upon the other," said this Napoleon of hair over a dozen oysters yesterday.

Mistral and the Maids.

A charming ceremony has taken place this week at Arles, the sunniest town of sunniest Provence.

There, in the heart of the Languedoc he loves, Mistral, the old Provençal poet who has done so much and such good work to keep the language of his forefathers intact, gathered the pretty maidens of Provence around him, and, kissing each one ceremoniously on the forehead, made them take oath to wear no other but the old Provençal costume all their days and wed no husband of Provence who did not speak the language. Arles maids may wed with men of other provinces and parts of France and lose no caste, though few of them care for the men from the "cold northern climes," as they habitually call all north of Toulon; but a man of Provence who speaks not Provençal is looked on as pariah and taboo.

In many ways, allowing for the difference of climate and for its action on the people's character, Provence, with its old customs and its ceremonies, and with, above all, its love for its ancient language, reminds me very much of gallant little Wales, and Provençal, when spoken by a native, is very beautifully liquid.



MDLLE. HENRIETTE HARLAY.



MDLLE. MARTHE REGNIER.

TWO YOUNG PLAYERS AT THE VAUDEVILLE, PARIS.

Photographs by Reutlinger.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHEN certain morning papers that accompany my travelling companions announced an attempt upon the life of the Pope and the elaborate precautions about to be taken to make all such outrages stop at the attempting stage, I wondered greatly. The Pope is a genial soul, and, in my humble opinion, the pick of the College of Cardinals. Obviously, then, there was no valid reason for assassinating him. Consequently I was more pleased than surprised to learn that the story of the attempt upon Giuseppe Sarto's exemplary life was an invention. It was a First of April hoax, added the Italian papers, with charming naïveté. Happy Italian papers that are hoaxed on the First of April! I could name some of your contemporaries in and round Fleet Street that have at least one First of April every week of the year. The only difference between Rome and London is that we never use the term "hoax" in writing of news that has enjoyed the temporary hospitality of our columns. We may forget, but we do not condemn it.

I have been following with great interest the chequered career of one of the Russian cruisers. When the war started, it caught fire, was beached, and burnt to the water-line, with much loss of gallant lives. A week or so later, it went cruising again, struck a submerged mine, and was blown up with loss of all on board; but the survivors managed to steer it to Dalny, where it lay for a long time a compound wreck. Nothing daunted, it put to sea again and led the attack on Admiral Togo's squadron. The crew, inured to hardship by their experiences of being burnt and blown up, stood to their guns unflinching. Seventy-four shells struck the devoted vessel in parts that were unarmoured, but her Captain would not be gainsaid, and pursued the Japanese fleet, which was not retreating, until he was recalled. Since then the Russian Government has admitted that the cruiser is a total wreck, but she will be ready to join the fighting squadron again before these lines are in print. This seems a good record for a man-of-war, and I shall continue to follow her career with unabated interest, my only ground for regret being that I am not a naval expert or a War-Correspondent. To my untutored mind, it seems that, if Russia has many such cruisers, Admiral Togo should strike his flag without further delay.

My morning paper publishes a letter from a philanthropist who is a bit of a disciplinarian. He has noticed that it is far easier to coerce a Public School boy by the painful methods familiar to most of us than to administer the least correction to the youthful Hooligan of the Board School. So the philanthropist proposes to come to the aid of long-suffering masters and mistresses whose efforts to maintain discipline have landed them in police-courts and brought them face to face with fines. He proposes to pay the fine and costs in future, and add an equivalent by way of consolation to the discomfited disciplinarian

who was really doing his best. Methinks my philanthropist will find the game tiring, expensive, and open to worse abuses than those he fights against. Not all punishment is inflicted wisely and properly even in a Board School, and there will be great temptation for an impecunious master or mistress to hit too hard in a just cause. Moreover, the day may come when schoolboys and girls will find out the name and address of this philanthropist, and then, I fear, it will hardly avail him to change both in order to avoid their wrath.

I have been reading in a morning paper a fascinating account of the United States, and have come to the conclusion that it must be quite a paradise to the fair sex. At the present time, divorce is

accomplished at the rate of one hundred cases a-day throughout the working year. According to the State in which you are able to sue depends the amount of material required to secure freedom from the matrimonial fetters. In one State he must have hit and deserted you, the brute; and from this high standard of wrong-doing there is an easy descent to the Court in the neighbourhood of the Sioux Falls, where you may find freedom from a monster who has distressed you mentally. Now a red tie or a highly-coloured waistcoat may cause a sensitive woman mental distress, so I am not surprised to learn that there is a constant rush to this highly favoured State. Certain American pastors are talking about a state of progressive polygamy, but the general opinion is that the virtue of a few pastors does not justify humanity in abandoning cakes and ale. I presume that the Americans guess they made sufficient concession to Western feeling when they made Mormonism ineffective.



[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

"Is the War over yet?"

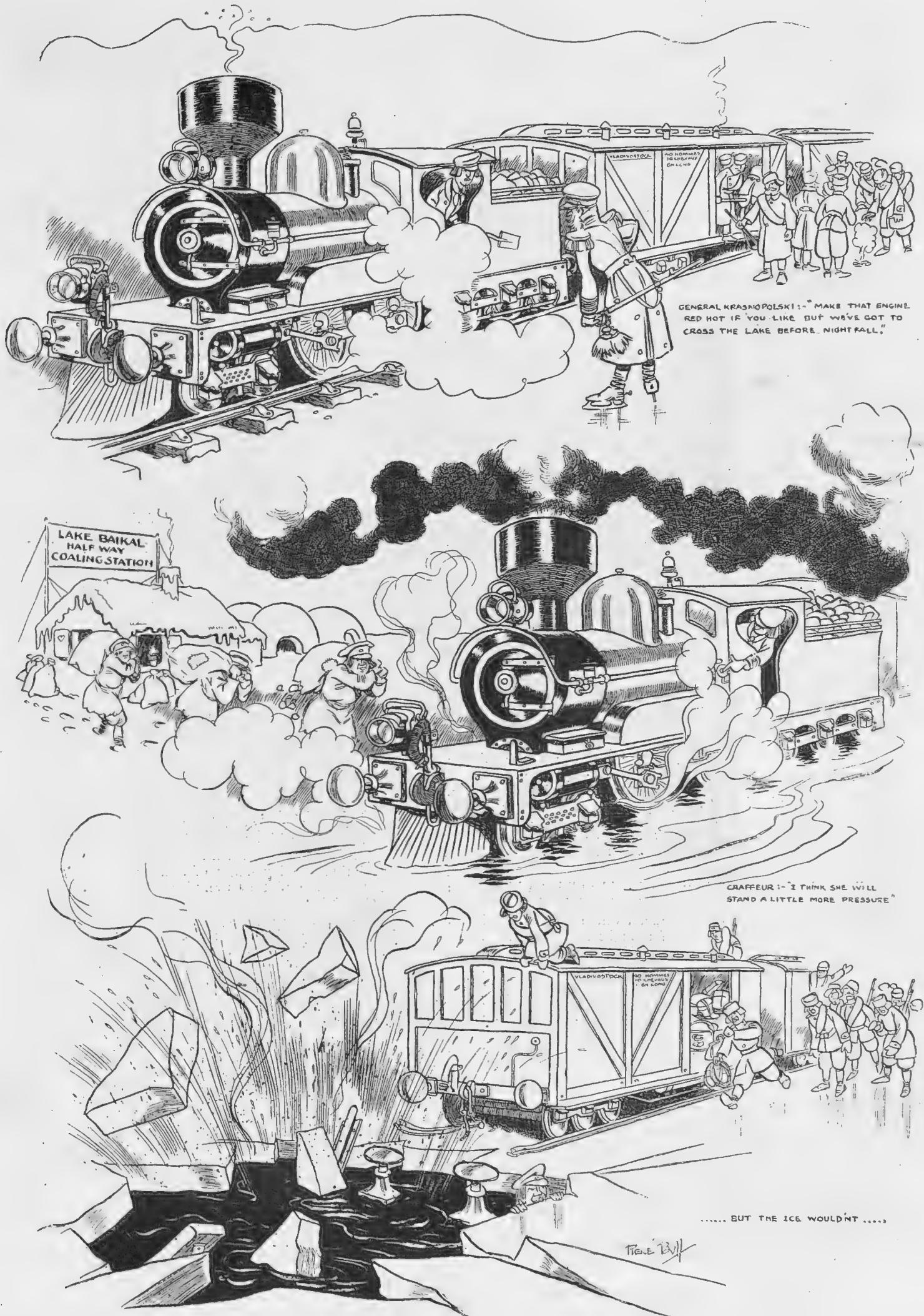
"No, but it will be before you can say 'Jackobinsky Robinsontikoff'."

FROM MOSCOW.

tution, none other than the refreshment-room at the ports that see most of the Continental passenger traffic. The management of these places of entertainment has always seemed to me to rival that of the War Office in efficiency. Just as the dusty office in Pall Mall is not designed for purposes of war, so these refreshment-rooms are not designed to refresh. At most of them I have been ill-content to drink what courtesy calls "coffee," though it has had no noticeable relation to that beverage, save so far as it was hot and wet. Buns and sponge-cakes in the sere, the yellow leaf, show-plates of fowl and ham, or sausage or sardines, that were left over when the local Mayor declared the refreshment-rooms well and truly open, in years when the Balaclava Charge was yet to make—all these horrors I have endured patiently, hoping for better times. And now this gallant Peter the Hermit—or should I say, Carmelite Brother?—of the Press is about to lead the most popular crusade of his age—or youth. It needed youth to attack the refreshment slums of our Continental traffic ports. Age lost heart with digestion, years ago.

I congratulate one of the contemporaries of my morning paper upon its pluck in attacking a cherished British insti-

MORE TROUBLE ON LAKE BAIKAL.



DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL, OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST (IN LONDON).



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

(*"Monocle."*)

"A MAID FROM SCHOOL" AND "SUNDAY."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Frank Stayton has joined in the cry concerning the difficulty of young dramatists in getting a hearing, he has now reached his third production. In former days, within my recollection, the cry of the unacted was concerning an alleged "authors' ring," but nowadays the popularity of the musico-undramatic pieces is the obstacle, for the number of playhouses open to the aspiring dramatist has shrunk since the days of the former outcry. It is somewhat, or, indeed, very disappointing to find that, in "A Maid from School," Mr. Stayton, instead of endeavouring to make progress upwards, shows a decided tendency to write down. It may be suggested that he has worked on a commission under peculiar circumstances. Experience has shown that plays differ substantially from clothes, in the fact that, whilst the ready-made suit is an abomination, the "reach-me-down" drama is generally better than the "bespoke" article. A play "cut to measure" for a talented young lady who has won a well-deserved reputation



MADAME CORA LAPARCEERIE-RICHEPIN, WIFE OF THE WELL-KNOWN FRENCH WRITER.

Photograph by Nadar, Paris. (See Page 444.)

in musical farce and the like is not likely to be a great work of art, yet Mr. Stayton might have given something less jejune and commonplace than the compound which suggests sometimes the sentiment of "Caste" and always the humours and pathos of stageland.

The originality of idea exhibited in "The President," but without sufficiency of technical knowledge, is not to be found in the piece presented at Terry's. The humour of character which distinguished "Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss" and freshness of thought noticeable in it are, unfortunately, absent from the new work. Here and there traces of the author's talent are manifest, and some of his lines are witty, but this is more than counterbalanced by unadroit handling of time-dishonoured material already treated deftly so often that the first-night audience showed signs of dissatisfaction occasionally. It may be suggested that the verdict of a first-night audience is not to be relied upon—some put it, with unflattering thought, upon a level with the judgment of the critics. It is, of course, true that in each case the opinion is misleading to those unaccustomed to the theatre. For the casual playgoer may be, and often is, moved to tears or laughter by matter which to the sophisticated is stale. On the other hand, dramatists and drama gain by the fact that the jaded critical audience can be found, seeing it is only by efforts to please it that progress can come. Probably the majority of any audience save a first-night audience of a great city would have accepted the absurdly malevolent mother in the play, and the guilelessness of Sydney and Margery, a runaway husband and wife separated for a while by the slanders of the mother, nor would it have smiled unkindly at the Christmas Eve sentiment and the hero's sorrow-drowning in whisky. The critic, of course, always jibes when the Christmas-sentiment tap is turned on.

One may speculate as to the exact thoughts in the author's mind when he made his hero, Sydney Heriot, a young dramatist who, whilst waiting for acceptance of his plays, taught English at a ladies' school; it was not, however, clear that any serious attack on the managers was intended by the reference to the fact that they were backward about accepting the plays, for, of course, we had no evidence that those

which they rejected were valuable. Moreover, in the end, one piece was accepted, and the audience seemed to be asked to believe that the acceptance of a play showed that Heriot's troubles were at an end. Alas, many plays are accepted and never produced, and still more are produced and—Perhaps Mr. Stayton will fill the blank. In Miss Kitty Loftus the critics did not find a case like that of Miss Marie Tempest. There are folk, wise after the event, who now profess that they had always seen signs of great natural talent for acting in Miss Tempest at a time when her triumphs were based chiefly—almost exclusively—on admirable use of a brilliant voice. It is, however, most unlikely in every case that the player who has graduated in the musical-entertainment works will win immediate success on the ordinary stage, since work in comic opera and the like gives so much to be unlearnt that the useful balance, consisting mainly of confidence and a little rough technical knowledge of acting, hardly puts the performer on a better footing than the ordinary beginner. What talent Miss Kitty Loftus may possess for acting it is hard to say; but it may be taken that at present she is not quite the actress for such a part as that of Margery, which demands a simpler treatment and sincerer note than she exhibited. Mr. J. H. Barnes, as usual, acted ably, and a clever performance was given by Mr. Dallas Welford.

It is amusing to see the unanimity of the critics in saying that "Sunday" is "an actor's play." This may be partly due to the knowledge that Mr. "Thomas Raceward"—the author's name on the programme—is the stage-name of three players who have had the advantage of working under Mr. Wilson Barrett, whose Company has furnished the stage with many valuable performers. Apparently "an actor's play" is deemed a polite synonym for "melodrama," since it is considered unamiable to use that term, which is shunned as carefully and needlessly as "farce." Melodrama and farce are looked upon as ungenteel, though no wise man turns up his nose at a good work of either class. "Sunday" is a good to very good example of melodrama, though, like most of the modern specimens of its race, it shows a tendency to stand still. Indeed, the present disfavour of melodrama seems due to the fact that, of late years, melodramas, whilst in essence as improbable as their predecessors, aim at local colour, dignity of dialogue, and restraint, without sufficient success to make up for the loss of action. Certainly "Sunday" on Saturday night suffered from lack of movement, even though it crossed the ocean twice. Possibly Mr. "Thomas Raceward" would allege that the work, primarily a study of miners' character, is an attempt in the fashion of Bret Harte, without slavish imitation, to paint a vivid picture of those who wrestle with the earth in far lands to win her subterranean treasure, and that the love-story of Sunday and Henry Brinthorpe, although it forms the plot of the piece, is not the most important element. Certainly the love-story is not the most satisfactory feature, and the most successful passages—and the best, too—were those concerning the four miners and their adopted child. In handling them one sees something of the artists in "Trilby," but a greater gift in character-drawing, and it might have been better for the play if the passages across the ocean had never taken place.

By now, doubtless, the blue pencil has been busy, and, alas, with a result that must be, in a sense, disastrous, since the cuts cannot well be made in the story part of the play, but must be confined to the local colour, some of which, no doubt, is rather too thickly laid on. Possibly, too, in making changes, Mr. "Thomas Raceward" will consider seriously the question of strengthening the plot by causing Sunday to get her shot in before Jacky, so that the really strong and difficult position may be reached of a girl falling in love with the brother of the man whom she has killed legitimately, according to her code. Such a change demands no little courage; on the other hand, there is a feeling of weakness due to the fact that the high-spirited girl, when insulted by Arthur Brinthorpe, is ready to shoot, and merely anticipated by Jacky.

The acting was quite remarkably good. Miss Julia Neilson, who had an enthusiastic reception, was at her best in the character of the handsome, brilliant heroine, and has a full opportunity for her humour as well as serious acting. Mr. Fred Terry's part as Henry Brinthorpe gives him less scope than he deserves, and he could do little more than appear manly and dignified. All the miners were well played; the best, perhaps, was Mr. Horace Hodges, but certainly Mr. Louis Calvert, Mr. Brydone, and Mr. Kendrick were excellent, and Mr. Beveridge acted admirably as one of the civilised folk.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOSEPH ENTANGLED," AT THE HAYMARKET.



MR HENRY ARTHUR JONES, THE FAMOUS DRAMATIST, IN HIS DRAWING-ROOM.
"The Sketch" Copyright Photograph.

"THE AMERICAN GIRL SHE DRESSES LIKE THIS—IN A STYLISH MANNER."

—SONG FROM "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK" (*Adapted*).



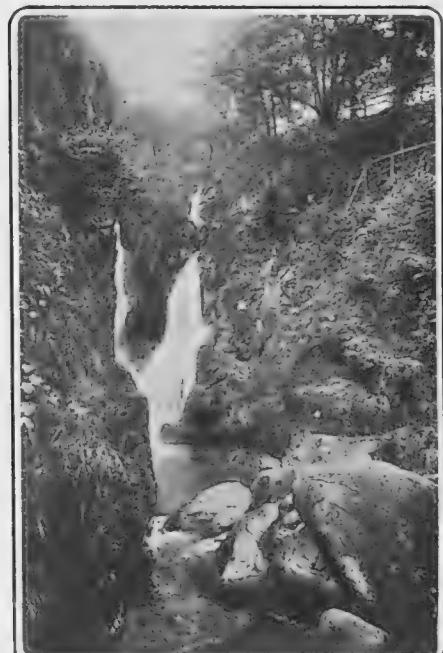
THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT:
SOME TYPICAL VIEWS.



CONISTON.



CONISTON LAKE.



STOCK GHYL FORCE, AMBLESIDE.



OLD MILL, AMBLESIDE.



LOWER FALLS, RYDAL.



THE FERRY, WINDERMERE.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

ULLSWATER.

"ARS AMANDI." By S. L. BENSUSAN.

HIS face shone as though the Sabbath application of yellow soap had been more than usually generous; his flame-coloured hair was not innocent, I fear, of suet; in his mouth he carried a straw, in his coat a large bunch of primroses; his tie was red and green in alternate stripes.

She clung to his arm, and carried a parasol. Her skirt, blouse, and hat would have rivalled in the intensity of their colouring the coat that Jacob made for Joseph; but, after all, she loved him and he loved her, and April had brought a perfect Sunday to the land. They reached Father William's cottage so deeply immersed in each other's charms that they forgot to pass the time of day.

"Lord!" said the old man, eyeing them askance, "I hain't no patience wi' them, an' that's th' truth."

"Why, Father William," I said, "surely you went courting when you were young? And in the Spring of the year, too?"

"Tain't likely," snapped the elderly man. "A shepherd 'as got 'is dooty to do, Sundays same as other days. If so be 'e's right - for'ard to his master, that is, an' I was allus that, an' I don't tell ye no lie. I hain't no patience wi' folks that puts things on to their backs instead o' their stumucks. See they two, dressed out as though they were th' King an' Queen 'imself."

"But how did you find your wife?" I asked him. "You've told me you were married more than twenty years."

"Not like that, surely," repeated the veteran, twitching the red shawl with one hand and pointing to the retreating lovers. "I were wunnerful careful. I didn't want to marry a bit o' red an' blue an' green an' yaller o' Sundays that were no good to anybody o' week-days. I wanted a body to cook me wittles, an' cook 'em tasty like, an' clean me parlour, an' tend th' tatties, an' keep the fire alight time I were on th' mush. Somebody that would do as they was bid an' be sharp about it. An' she did, an' no mistake, right up to th' time she was took, th' Lord love 'er!"

"It must have been a great loss to you, Father William," I suggested.

"No, it weren't, by no means," responded the shepherd, cheerfully. "It weren't not any loss, to my thinkin'. There's some about that says what'll keep one'll keep two. 'Tain't so, an' they're liars."

He sparred for wind, and leaned with both hands upon the long stick.

"Stands to reason," he gasped. "If ye're sharp set, wittles f'r one ain't wittles for two, nor ain't firin' nor beer. Lord, I put by money th' werry year th' pore dear were took, an' paid th' doctor an' th' carpenter too. Nigh two pun I saved, for I mind I wanted to buy store pigs o' Mr. Glass what 'ad th' Mush Farm an' allus fatted some, an' I offered 'e two pun f'r three o' them, an' 'e said, 'Two-pun-five, Father William.' An' I offered 'im two-pun-two, an' 'e wouldn't take it, an' in a month 'e 'ad th' swine-fever an' lost every man among 'em, an' it was th' Lord's judgment on th' fool, I'm sure on ut."

"How long have you been a widower?" I asked him.

"It's thirty year an' more since she were took," replied the ancient man, after pausing for a moment as though to grasp my meaning. "An' I wouldn't marry agen, not if Mrs. Blake what keeps th' Wheatsheaf was to come an' arst me. I don't take no 'count o' women, an' that's a fact, an' I wonder that anybody does."

"If they knew as much about 'em as I do," continued Father William, "they'd just do as I do, and live by 'emselves an' save money, an' buy a bit o' land an' keep a pig, or, mebbe, two or three. That's what I'd do, if so be I were young enough to work. Look at ole Jack Martin; five pigs, I'm told, an' sells 'is own chickens like a farmer, an'

'as a cast of beer in at a time, an' drunk all day Sunday. Ole Jack Martin never married. Then look ye at ole Will Mace. Wife in bed wi' roomatiz all th' winter an' as to feed 'er. Then there's Cole, what lives by th' mill. Wife's broke 'er leg, so I'm told, an' can't do for 'un, an' 'ad to see th' doctor. Then there were Mrs. Webster—well, I won't say nowt o' her, for I don't never speak ill o' me neighbours, but law, if I did, well there now! I'm sorry for Webster, though 'e's a rogue an' a fool too, an' ye can't deny ut. Why, many's the day that woman 'as—"

"But, Father William," I interrupted hurriedly and just in time, "do you mean to say that the young fellows shouldn't go courting at all?"

"If they wants to go traipsin' about wi' bundles o' coloured stuff like what you've seed," rasped the man of many years, "let 'em, says I. But don't ye go askin' ut to cook a pertater or bake th' bread or tend th' garden, for it can't do nothin' more nor dress itself like the Royal Family."

"What'll a man do," continued the veteran slowly, "what'll a man do? Finds th' wittles ain't to 'is likin' an' th' place that dirty 'e can't sit down. So 'e goes to th' Wheatsheaf an' fuddles 'is senses away, an'

then goes a-poachin', mebbe. Many's th' poacher I've seed with these own eyes o' mine a-layin' snares when I've been a-tendin' sheep, an' most of 'em married to gels that lives for Sundays an' fair-time. An' when they've gone, I've took they snares up, for I knows me dooty an' allus did, an' many a time I've give 'em good advice, an' they can't deny ut; but, there, it's all along o' marryin' an' goin' a-courtin' an' th' like."

"And if they did not," I said, "where would the future generation come from—the men who have to guide the plough and tend the horses and cut the corn, the women who have to mind the house and bring up the children that, perhaps, neither of us will see?"

Father William listened attentively. "Say ut all agen, will ye?" he said. "I don't quite follow ye."

I did my best to put my meaning clearly, and the old man's brow cleared.

"Oh, I catch ye!" he said. "Thinkin' o' the boys an' girls what's to grow an' do th' wark. Lord love ye, I don't take no 'count o' them, th' young varmints!"



STUDIES IN DIGNITY: IV.—THE SHOPWALKER.

TYPES OF RUSSIAN CAVALRY.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



III.—A DRAGOON OF THE LINE.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.



MR. BRITON RIVIERE AND THE ENGRAVINGS
OF SOME OF HIS PICTURES.

Sir John Everett Millais, with that enthusiasm which is characteristic of the great worker, was quick to see the extraordinary merit of the picture, and, seeking out the young artist—for Mr. Riviere was barely thirty at the time—complimented him very highly on his achievement. "Charity" also has the distinction of having been the first of the long line of Mr. Riviere's pictures to be engraved, among the artists who have given a wider distribution to his canvases being men like Stacpoole, Atkinson, Lewis, Murray, Chant, Pratt, and Samuel Cousins. To them Mr. Riviere is never tired of paying a tribute of thanks, while, curious as it may seem, he acknowledges he prefers looking at the engraving of one of his pictures to the original itself. The reason is, as he once formulated it to an interviewer, "You see your own idea filtered through another mind, which gives it a touch of novelty which is not to be obtained for the original artist by any other means. You are always uneasy before your own work." To the interviewer he also said: "I do not care how easily a picture is going when it is in the process of painting; the time comes when it becomes a battle between the painter and the picture, and a fight takes place as to which is to be the master."

That tussle throws an interesting side-light on Mr. Riviere's method and his mode of getting the better of it. He invariably has two or three pictures on hand at the same time, and he works now at one and then at another, so that he always comes fresh to the work he means to do on any given day. The painting of one picture is, in his opinion, a very difficult thing to do, and, as he has said, "A man must have a very strong belief in his capabilities if he can stick at the same picture every day for a long period without becoming sceptical about it and, finally, disgusted with it."

While the artist made his mark with "Charity," he had sold his first picture many years before. As a matter of fact, he began to exhibit when he was eleven; two studies in oil, "Love at First Sight" and "Kitten and Tomtit," having been shown at the British Institute. Thus early, it appears, the child was attracted to the animal life which was to make the reputation of the man. He was a very small boy indeed when he first went to the "Zoo" in order to make studies. So small was he that he was never allowed to go alone. To the average child, the lion or the elephant is, perhaps, the most interesting animal at the "Zoo." Not so with Mr. Briton Riviere. It was the wolf which first attracted him there, though he has since painted lions in many pictures, as in the famous "Daniel," which many people still regard as the greatest piece of work the artist has achieved. Everyone will remember that the Prophet stands, with his hands tied behind his back, gazing at the lions, in such a position that his face is not seen at all. It was originally designed with Daniel's face in profile, but Mr. Riviere

THE greatest animal-painter of our time. The phrase describes the position universally accorded to the popular artist, even if it does not sum up his varied activities, for, though Mr. Briton Riviere has made a speciality of animals, he has by no means neglected the noblest animal of them all—man.

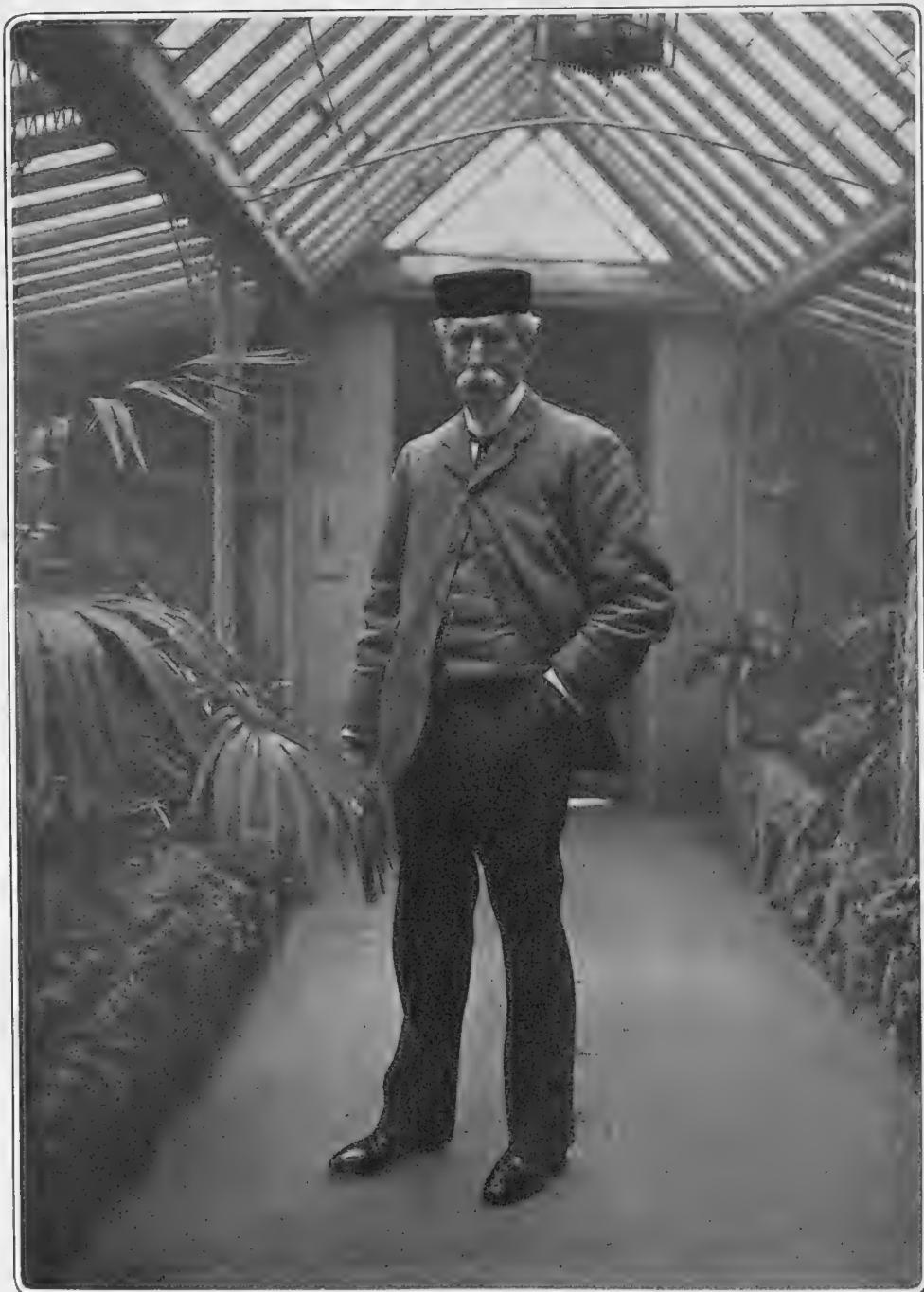
Indeed, it was with a picture of the noblest animal, in its higher manifestation, that Mr. Riviere made his first distinct "hit" at the Royal Academy. This was "Charity," painted in 1870. It represented a little, bare-footed, poorly clad girl sharing her meal of a piece of bread with two half-starved dogs.

found that he could get a more dramatic effect by treating the subject as it is now known through countless reproductions. The seven lions were painted from studies made of four specimens which were then at the "Zoo," and the work was done under exceptional circumstances. Mr. Riviere found that the presence of the ordinary visitor at the "Zoo" interfered with his work, so he used to get up at five o'clock in the morning, drive over from Kensington, where he was living, and work steadily from seven until nine, undisturbed by the inquisitive sightseer or the incorrigible youngster.

From the "Zoo" also came the model for the "Genius Loci" exhibited in the Academy in 1874. It represented a dead lioness which was sent to him quite unexpectedly from the "Zoo," where the authorities were constantly in the habit of informing Mr. Riviere whenever any animal died, in case he wished to make studies from it. The dead lioness happened to be thrown on the painter's "throne" in the exact position he required, and he was so struck with its appearance that he determined to leave all his other work and paint the picture straight off—a thing he very rarely does.

At the "Zoo," too, the necessary studies were made for the Polar bear which figures in "Beyond Man's Footstep," the famous picture which is now to be seen in the Tate Gallery, where it forms part of the collection bought under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. The studies for the Arctic ice were made in Switzerland, and the picture, in its complete state, furnishes another characteristic of Mr. Briton Riviere's method, for the conception had been for many years in his mind before he considered he had sufficient experience to put it into execution.

Between the painting of "Charity" and the "Genius Loci" came "Circe," which may be said to have set the seal on Mr. Briton Riviere's reputation as an artist and on his popularity with the public. He was living in the country at the time, and among the



IN THE CONSERVATORY.

LXXX.—MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.



"SURE YOU DON'T MIND IF I FINISH THIS LITTLE BIT I'M ON?"



"THANKS VERY MUCH. YOU MAKE YOUR OWN LIGHT, YOU SEE, BUT I'M DEPENDENT ON NATURE."



"LET US TAKE A WALK ROUND THE STUDIO."

animals he kept were three pigs, though it would, perhaps, be going too far to say that they were the inspiration of the picture, which represents the daughter of Helios sitting on a marble pavement, with her hands clasping her knees, while the herd of swine in front of her are trying to get up the steep step which separates them from her. In order the better to paint the pigs, Mr. Riviere had sties made at the end of his garden, and found the animals admirable sitters. His experience, indeed, contradicts that proverb, "as stubborn as a pig," for he found the beasts very tractable, and even sociable.

The "Circe" was a matter of no little trouble to the artist, for he painted her two or three times from the model. This did not prove satisfactory, and he succeeded in satisfying himself only when he found among his friends a lady who had the physical characteristics of his conception of the daughter of Helios.

To the ordinary man, all sheep look alike. To the eye of the artist, however, they possess as great an individuality as do human beings. It was in order to show this individuality that Mr. Briton Riviere determined in 1885 to paint the picture of the flock of sheep which he called "Union is Strength." They were painted in his studio, in which many other animals have sat—dogs, horses, &c. Another curiosity in its way in the studio was the rigging-up of a pulley in the roof, in order that the model who "sat" for "Ganymede" might be supported suspended in the air as if by the eagle's talons. This was done that the pose might be exactly right and the muscles in that state of flaccidity in which it would be impossible to represent them had the model been standing on his feet in the ordinary way.

That the artist sometimes paints out and so destroys portions of his work in various stages of its progress, everyone knows; but for an artist to destroy his completed work is rare. This Mr. Riviere has done at least twice. The first was a picture of "Hamlet and Ophelia," painted when he was quite young, which was rejected when it was sent to the Royal Academy. On the death of Mr. Riviere's father, it came into his hands, and he was so disgusted with it that he tore it into strips and burnt them. Something of the same fate befell the "Girl Under the Sea," from "Lalla Rookh." It was painted for the sake of the figure and the sea-anemones and star-fish. This, too, was cut up later on, but the anemones were kept for future use.

It is good for Mr. Riviere's art that in his youth he yielded Pre-Raphaelitism such earnest allegiance for a time, for it must be remembered that its aim and objects were such as inevitably attracted all young artists who were impelled with the desire for truth and beauty. Mr. Riviere has always believed that he owes much to the influence of the Brotherhood.

Whatever may be the factors which influence a young artist, truth and beauty must dominate the executive faculty, or the result will lack harmony and proportion. Harmony and proportion are, however, two things which are never lacking in Mr. Riviere's work, for not only has he eyes to see and skilful hands to reproduce what he sees, but his imagination is informed and reinforced by careful study, and he has that infinite faculty for taking pains which has been defined as genius by one of the moderns to whom that often misapplied word is universally conceded.



"A SKULL OF A LION. ONE HAS TO STUDY ANATOMY, OF COURSE, VERY CLOSELY."



"BUT ENOUGH OF SHOP. I'LL PLAY YOU A HUNDRED UP BEFORE LUNCH."



"PHEW! I'M AFRAID YOUR YOUTH HAS BEEN TERRIBLY MISSPENT."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE welcome invasion of American publishers and authors has now taken place in force. Among the American publishers now in London are Colonel Harvey, of Harper's; Mr. Brett, of the Macmillan Company; and Mr. Dodd, the head of Dodd, Mead, and Co. Colonel Harvey has brought with him Mr. W. D. Howells. No American writer is more respected in this country than Mr. Howells, and his impressions of England will be looked for with interest. Mr. Dodd has completed his great task of publishing the new American Encyclopædia, on which a staff of sixty or more has been at work for the last four years. With the exception of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," there is no work of the kind so elaborate. The contents are practically all new, and they run to some twenty million words. Already the success of this gigantic enterprise is assured. Mr. Brett has not only developed an immense general publishing business, he has also put on a sound foundation an extensive school-book publication department. The demand for school-books in the United States is very large and has been met to a considerable extent by the American Book Company.

The American publishers have been engaged in a determined effort to keep up the price of books for the benefit of booksellers. In the States the booksellers have found very formidable rivals in the departmental stores, and the bookselling industry has been in a languishing, not to say perilous condition. A strong effort has been made to prevent underselling. It is reckoned that one half the sale of books in America is through the departmental stores, where the rule is to sell everything at the lowest possible price.

A Japanese journalist has been writing the Story of Journalism in Japan. Forty years ago there was not even one newspaper in the country. There are now six hundred journals, some of them having a circulation of above one hundred thousand a-day, and there are also countless magazines. The first newspaper was a translation of the *Batavia News*, of Java, which was brought out regularly by a Dutchman. The second appeared some thirty-eight years ago, and was printed semi-monthly from a wooden block. It was also short-lived. The third had the title *Seaweeds*, and flourished greatly at first, but ultimately died. It was only when foreigners were permitted to come in freely that newspapers took a firm root in Japan. Until six or seven years ago the Japanese newspapers were primitive. Their editorials were the whole thing. They did not have any reporters, generally speaking, and, if they had, they would only ask them to go to such a police-station or such a meeting.

The Japanese did not find any news by their own observation, but only under directions. But to-day every one of the twenty-five papers in Tokyo is trying to get the best news. All are illustrated. Women are being employed because it is found they are successful in interviewing other women. There is an English column, which is provided for the benefit of the great number of young people in schools and colleges who are learning English. It seems that in Japan, as elsewhere, the papers attempt to increase their circulation by creating a sensation, and the two most widely circulated are modelled on the type of the American Yellow Press. "They boldly expose the private secrets of high-standing personages." One paper on which two prominent novelists are employed has for its main attraction the literary department, so that all is not lost.

The diversities of opinion on the merits of Lord Acton's Letters are amusing. Mr. Augustine Birrell actually says: "It will rank with Selden's and with Coleridge's 'Table Talk,' while it will be found, I think, to possess a human interest beyond theirs. . . . There might well be some solemn household rite to celebrate the placing of such a book in the library." Mr. Whibley, in *Blackwood*, is much more sane. He says: "Though he read so much, or, perhaps, because he read so much, his judgment upon literature is rarely sound." The fact is that the Letters, if they have any effect on Lord Acton's reputation at all, must decrease it, and it is doubtful whether there is a germ of vitality in them from the first page to the last. o. o.



A CARTOON FROM YOKOHAMA, SYMBOLISING THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

The accompanying cartoon has been sent to *The Sketch* from Yokohama. It was published some few weeks ago by the *Jiji Shimpō*, the leading Japanese daily, and it need hardly be said that it is intended to symbolise the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which was hailed with so much delight by all the Mikado's subjects, high and low. The quaint lines given herewith are a translation of a patriotic poem sung at an entertainment given to a number of journalists, native and foreign, in Tokyo, and aptly express the national sentiment—

"The Lion—
Did you say 'Lion' ?
The Lion—the king of beasts—
Is the world-famed emblem
Of the happy, happy people
Of England.

"Why should we fear ?
The Bear, to hold us in its greedy embrace,
May fume and prance with sharpened claws ;
But still its wiles will ne'er deceive us.
Forward, then, forward !
For now is the time to rise and destroy it.

"Gather our war-ships,
Our soldiers assemble ;
Bang, bang, bang !
Long since we got ready,
Now we're tired of waiting.
Hurrah ! Our ally supports us,
And America sympathises
With our strife for civilisation.
Be bold and fearless !
Now is the happy time
For our country's children
To show to the universe
What we can accomplish
By the strength of unity."

THREE NEW NOVELS.

"URIAH THE HITTITE."
By DOLF WYLLARDE.
(Heinemann, 6s.)

true. "Dolf Wyllarde" certainly possesses this gift, as she proved in "The Story of Eden," and now "Uriah the Hittite" comes to confirm the impression created by the earlier work. The story is explained, in part at least, by the title. King David is represented by Evelyn Gregory, Administrator of the Island of Key, which lies somewhere between Madagascar and the mainland of Africa; Uriah is Captain Alaric Lewin, his secretary and A.D.C., a handsome, vain, empty-headed young cavalry officer; while the part of Bathsheba is played by Mrs. Lewin, whom no one can help calling by her pet name of "Chum." The Administrator—"Gregory's Powder," as he is nicknamed—is a striking picture of the type of Englishman who, as we like to think, is born to control savage or semi-civilised races—long-headed, impatient of control, utterly unscrupulous, yet continually doing the Empire's work while the Colonial Office pours on him official censures with one hand and unofficial rewards with the other. The Europeans in Key Island, only some forty all told, are all afraid of Gregory, the women because he is obviously a misogynist, and the men because he expects everybody to work as hard as he does himself. Mrs. Lewin, who is a very clever, intelligent woman, and whose physical charms are quite needlessly emphasised by the writer, resolves to make interest with Gregory for the sake of her husband's career. Here "Dolf Wyllarde" strikes a false note. A lady of the untitled aristocracy of England, such as "Chum" is represented to be, would either go much further if she were a bad woman, or, if she were a good woman, would die rather than go as far, for instance, as kicking off her shoes under the dinner-table in order that Gregory might feel her pretty foot. But "Dolf Wyllarde" indicates with great subtlety that King Gregory is attracted by his Bathsheba's brains as well as by her bright face and charming personality. The trouble is, of course, that ugly, powerful men like Gregory have themselves an invincible attraction for women like Mrs. Lewin. When she realises her passion for him, her one idea is to get away, but Gregory, by a master-stroke of villainy, secures her and accomplishes Captain Lewin's death. These are the main lines of a very striking story which from its very artistic completeness abides in the reader's memory. But, if a general criticism may be admitted, we think that "Dolf Wyllarde" is too fond of leaving her characters to explain themselves in conversations. She would undoubtedly strengthen her work, admirable as it is even now, if she allowed herself more analysis, not in place of but in addition to her dialogue.

"THE NAPOLEON OF NOTTING HILL."
By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.
(John Lane, 6s.)

Mr. Chesterton's precise idea in writing his novel is not always apparent: his chief aim, doubtless, was the satirising of the pure fanatic and the pure satirist, "the two lobes of the brain of a ploughman"—the satirist who, given despotic power, can encircle the suburbs with city walls, revive the mediæval dignities of the Lord Provost, and provide that Provost with gorgeous robes, madly-conceived badges, heralds, and halberdiers; the fanatic who can view the revival in the light of poetry, can take the movement seriously, and defend the rights granted by the Charter of the Cities by force of arms; the satirist to whom all things are a joke; the fanatic to whom they are equally a grim reality. It matters little, however, whether the work be of the nature of a parable or of a satire: it is needless to dive beneath the rippling, sparkling surface into the stiller depths. Amusement is all that is expected, all that is sought, and it is present in abundance, though, in truth, it appeals to the eye rather than to the brain, by topsy-turvyism rather than by brilliant writing, despite numerous witty lines, and some excellent descriptive touches. The whole is frankly fantastic, an elaborate farce, a rival prophecy to the predictions of those who, in the manner of Mr. H. G. Wells, "took something or other that was certainly going on in their time, and then said that it would go on more and more until something extraordinary happened." Auberon Quin, in whom will be recognised a well-known *Saturday Reviewer*, chosen King eighty years hence, when the prevalent belief is in a "great cosmopolitan civilisation," when war has ceased, and when the King of England is "chosen like a juryman upon an official rotation list" and given despotic power on the principle that it is needless trouble to "number and register and enfranchise all the innumerable John Robinsons, when you can take one John Robinson with the same intellect or lack of intellect as all the rest, and have done with it," is as delicious as the creations of his fantastic humour. Adam Wayne, "the Napoleon of Notting Hill," the inarticulate poet who finds in the King's farcical revival of mediæval pageantry the colour and romance he has been unable to express in words, is equally

Clever novels there are in plenty, but there are few which show the supreme gift of portraying human emotion in such a manner that the reader instinctively recognises it as

admirable. But it must be confessed that, for all its cleverness and whimsicality, the book occasionally cloys. There is a surfeit of good things, which, to be enjoyed, must be taken in "honourable doses."

"ANNA THE ADVENTURESS."
By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
(Ward, Lock. 6s.)

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim has a facile knack of writing readable books which is the more strange in that his characters and his situations do not, for one moment, give one the least sense of reality. It must be that they inspire in the reader a similar feeling to that experienced when watching popular melodrama—a half-amused interest as to what is coming next. Anna and Annabel are two sisters marvellously alike in outward appearance. In order to facilitate Annabel's marriage with a rich man and true, Anna adds the three little letters to her name which, in this case, stand for so much and patiently takes upon her shoulders the burden of her sister's misdeeds; she is even shot at by the real Annabel's infuriated "husband." This wonderful person, Montague Hill, possesses the proverbial nine lives of a cat. At first supposed to be dead (he was quietly put out of the way by Annabel when he began to be troublesome, but it was badly managed on her part), he is soon found to be very much alive, as witness the little shooting incident. Not confused by having caused one of his heroines to commit bigamy, the author soon sees a way out of this—of course, it must turn out to be a false marriage, but a false marriage which not only took in the girl, but the man! Now this is a distinct advance on the customary false-marriage idea, for here it is a case of a worthless friend who deceives both! Anna, the good sister (not so wonderfully good either, for she gives coffee-parties in her bedroom and certainly does not err on the side of conventionality), of course, receives her guerdon in the end, and Annabel does not come off at all badly. Her second attempt to get rid of Montague Hill also fails, but Sir John, the husband, not only forgives the would-be murderer, but seems to develop a fresh access of affection towards her. Indeed, one must really stand by and applaud the author's ingenuity—or should one say audacity?—at surmounting the obstacles he himself has created.

AN ENGLISH "TAUCHNITZ."

The famous "Tauchnitz" series, the volumes of which are so powerful a temptation to the literary smuggler, has now, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Eveleigh Nash, an English parallel, which should prove as popular as its prototype, of which in all essentials—paper binding, readable print, and good paper—it is a replica. The six novels already issued indicate a catholic taste on the part of the publisher, who is evidently determined to supply as many "wants" as possible. Wilson Barrett's "The Sign of the Cross," Percy White's "A Millionaire's Daughter," "Vanity: The Confessions of a Court Modiste," by that energetic tilter against Society's foibles, "Rita," Joseph Conrad's "Almayer's Folly," John Oliver Hobbes's "The Herb Moon," and Arthur Morrison's detective stories, "The Red Triangle," surely cover a sufficiently wide field, and are, at least, argument in favour of the popular success of the venture. Forthcoming issues include "The Promotion of the Admiral," by Morley Roberts, and "Strawberry Leaves," by A. Leaf. The price of each volume is one shilling net, and the size six inches and a-half by four inches and three-quarters.

Mr. Sidney Lee's new book, "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century," containing the lectures delivered by him during his tour of American Universities last spring, promises to be very interesting. After an opening chapter on "The Renaissance in England," the book treats in order of Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Edmund Spenser, Shakspere's life and Shakspere's works. Mr. Lee's tour embraced more than twenty Universities.

The new Letters of Thomas Carlyle which Mr. Lane publishes will be received with considerable impatience, but, for all that, they are well worth reading. The descriptions are as merciless as ever. Even after Disraeli offered Carlyle a baronetcy, he holds fast to his opinion that he is "a disgrace to this world, and a continually minatory terror and curse." Kossuth is "nothing but a bag of mutinous play-actor wind." Ruskin is "a bottle of beautiful soda-water." The portrait of Rogers is specially graphic: "A half-frozen, old, sardonic Whig-Gentleman; no hair at all, but one of the whitest of bare scalps; blue eyes, shrewd, sad, and cruel; toothless horseshoe mouth, drawn up to the very nose; slow, croaking, sarcastic insight, perfect breeding, &c." Professor Norton has chosen the letters up to 1866. After that period they are selected by Mr. Alexander Carlyle.



"Beg pardon, Mister, but would yer mind 'avin' this 'ere winder up? I 'ad a bath last week—at the expense of the Government."

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

ESCAPED ONE: I prayed that I might meet someone on this lonely 'eath wot I could overpower an' change clothes with.
Me prayer's bin answered, but blow me if I didn't forgit *to give the size!*

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

MOVEMENTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

Recorded by JOHN HASSALL.

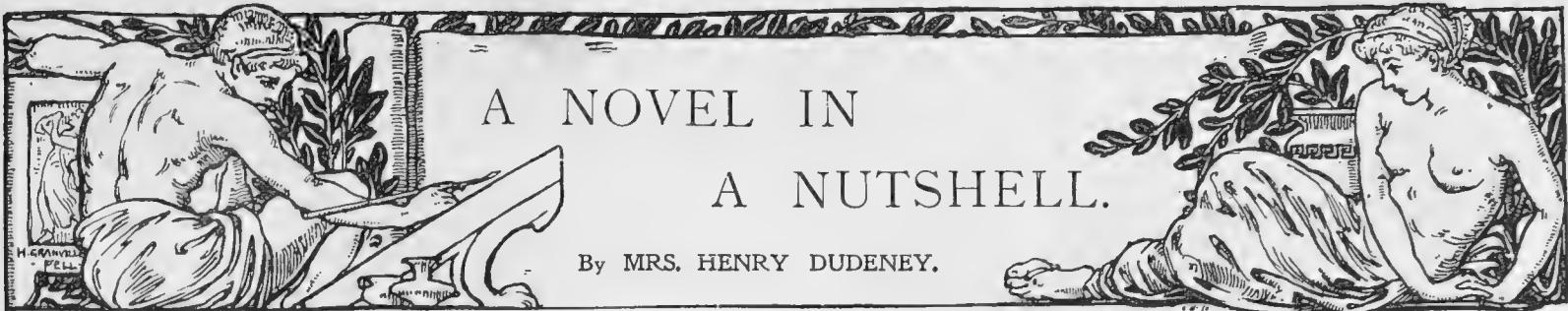


VIII.—“CONTINENTAL UNCERTAINTIES.”

A NOVEL IN

A NUTSHELL.

By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.



THE GRANDMOTHER'S HEART.

ONLY those who themselves have passed within that portal—melancholy, yet most blessed—know the complete and lovely secret of the grandmother's heart. She is maternity twice distilled—the grandmother. The baby's early cry, weak yet savage, fills her with the oddest rapture. She feels young once more: Again, she lies white in her bed, holding her first-born. She bridges the lean years and flies joyfully back. She repels her grey hairs, her wrinkles; she puts out her hand to beat from vision the battle-marked face that looks at her through the dressing-glass. She is not old any more. She is a grandmother.

All these delicate illusions took the Grandmother when they laid her dead daughter's child in her arms. She looked down at it, this queer, red, wrinkled creature, some day to be a woman—Nature's most confusing miracle. Strange, staring, sobbing creature!

A woman! The thought made her shudder. It ought not to grow up, this helpless, this bewitching being. Something must intervene. The Grandmother's heart! It gave its dull, frightened beats in the shrivelled side. This child would some day learn—in horror would desert her. Her daughter had lain like this, a helpless infant in her happy arms; had grown to womanhood, heard her story, rushed away from the sinister sound of it, and died—alienated.

She called the grandchild Mary. The women of her family were always given this name—most blessed. It was a tradition.

Night and morning she held it tenderly across her knees and washed it. Dear, sweet body! Her passion for young children had always been the one sound spot in her deplorable life. Night and morning! The powder flew round the bald young head: It lay in the wrinkles of the ancient, skilfully-moving hands. Everything came back with the smell of violet-powder, with the caressing dab of the fluffy white puff. This was verily the child of her own youth.

She sang to it in jubilant quavers; sang those songs that were in prosperous vogue when she bathed her first-born. She gaily sang. The quiet-smelling room rocked with her poor voice. It is strange to hear the aged sing. Coarse folk laugh at the sound, and fine folk could weep.

Time went; she furtively watched the creature grow. She traced its ways, darling, and solemn, and silly.

The baby was nearly two years old. It walked, toppling with queer dignity about the paths of the secluded garden, clutching every bright flower it could drag from the stalk in round and mottled hands.

The baby was a big schoolgirl. It broke one's heart to reflect on the speed with which years had passed. She had lanky black legs, and charming, insubordinate ways. Her tongue was tuned to pertness. But, however naughty she was throughout the day, night brought penitence.

The Grandmother, to whom stairs became an increasing trial, mounted them every evening at eight, that she might see her darling safe in bed—and give absolution for every misdeed! She hobbled into the room with the dainty white hangings. Sometimes the child would be kneeling. As she watched the figure, angular beneath the nightgown and robed for ever of adorable young chubbiness, the Grandmother would shiver and shake. A praying creature was a terrible sight for one who never prayed at all, who dared not pray, who had not expiated! Some souls barter the wings that carry them from earth to God.

Or the child would be already in her bed. She sprang up, laughing, directly the door opened. She pulled down the old head and held it tightly, gripping the throat in which life went so feebly. Down on the large pillow, their eyes, their tender mouths meeting, the Grandmother felt that this must surely be her daughter—her own flesh, her very own. This was the creature with whom she had travailed. In that world where the shadows of dead women wait for judgment, her daughter had besought and had been suffered—to come back. The Grandmother consoled herself with these ideas—these fantastic ideas that allure pagan people.

She would go stiffly downstairs, leaving the child—her child or her daughter's? Who knew? She went and sat alone. She was the mistress of a stately home. The gardens could be seen through the long window, gardens that had not altered much in thirty years and more. The yews were just as bushy then. She remembered how large they had looked through the window on that night—the night. The dreadful night when, at last, her husband died. Good heavens!

What a memory! To-morrow the gardeners should certainly cut those yews down. Yet, to kill a tree so faithful was murder; just as if you killed a person. Murder! A strange word. She stretched her mouth as she sat in the faint candlelight.

The baby was sixteen. How cruelly quick these young creatures grew! Sixteen—and instinct with the absurd and precious vanities that beset girls of that age, the girls that are meant for matrimony. There are some born into the world who never coquette; who are little, purse-mouthed virgins, foredoomed from the very cradle. The old woman, with a brooding, with a terror lighted eye, watched the child pull in her waist, point her little toes, steal sideway looks in the long cheval-glasses. They were all like that—the women of the Grandmother's family. All coquettes, all with the mystical charm that allures. The curse had descended on this young creature. She had been born merely to entangle the feet of honest men.

One day the Grandmother happened on a note-book—of confessions. The child had scribbled down in trepidation—in triumph—the innocent history of her first affair. A schoolboy had tried to kiss her. The confession was peppered all over with unsteady marks of exclamation. Giggles appeared to fill the page. The Grandmother sat, noiselessly moving her puckered lips—lips that had been red once and had kissed. A ghastliness stole up to her eyes and glazed them. Then she began to sob—young, strong sobs.

"I'll kill her!" she said. "God!"—the old face, distracted with apprehension, dared to lift itself towards the uncaring sky—"I cannot bear that she should know!"

She opened a drawer in the work-table. There were two portraits in it, one of a young man, one of an old. She sat and stared at them. Tears fell and made round drops of an added blackness on her black silk apron. She was old-fashioned in her dress.

"If one might kill the dear child!" she murmured, thoughtfully.

But if only she had remained an infant—a soft, speechless thing that you might hold to a racked bosom; a dumb thing, with a brain not emerged and a tongue that only sucked, with little ears that took nothing in—nothing! Why was there not some drug with the power to keep them young and speechless and ignorant? The children of women who were sinners ought never to grow up.

The Grandmother felt that she could not bear a second passionate declamation of her sins—from lips that she loved, that loved her. But this Mary would find out, just as that other Mary, her mother, had done. Her lover would tell her—just the same. These lovers always discovered. She sat and cursed the rectitude of young men, who demanded such absolute purity, of person and family, in the bride they chose. The child would learn through her lover; would upbraid her, loathe her, leave her. And she! Well, she must just quietly die. But to die execrated by a creature that one worshipped. It was hard, very hard. Without doubt, it was just. She was too weary for justice.

She sat and thought of those blessed infant-days. She took up the progress of Mary's years with accuracy. She recalled the first shy teeth in the wet red mouth. It all came back; everything, everything; the silly, precious things that mothers—and, more, grandmothers—cherish. She dallied, in memory, with infant shriekings and tragic little tantrums; wooden horses that had so speedily lost their bushy black tails, dolls with their eyes knocked in, weird animals with all their gay paint diligently sucked away.

These children! They forgot—they ignored—the long story of one's utter devotion. They allowed nothing for dedicated years. They were so rigorous in their criticism. They kept such a standard. Mary would some day stand up straight and pale and flashing. Would shudder at her, flinch from her, and depart. Her lover would tell her the shocking story. These lovers!

The lover came. Why and how? Who can explain these mating mysteries? He came, although the Grandmother was shunned by the neighbourhood. Yes, rich, stately, of unimpeachable family, she was ignored, systematically left out. There are social skeletons.

Yet the lover came. He always comes—to the girl who is born for love. For the other girls, the frigid and correct little celibates, no happy placing of circumstance avails.

He came, and she loved him. Everything was on happy wings.

She was eighteen. The women of the Grandmother's family always married at eighteen. It was a delicious age.

These two fortunate ones were free. Nothing intervened, and the wedding-day was fixed. The house instantly gleamed with bridal satin.

The lover was a man without family-ties. For this the Grandmother cherished him. He would not be told; there were no women to tell him. It was women who kept old scandals alive, who would never suffer them to lie in their graves. She began to love this young man—she was not afraid to love him. Yet each time they met she wistfully read his eyes. Was there anything new in them—the coming shadow?

She was old, old, old. The second juvenility—of being a grandmother—had by this time left her. When the wedding was over, she would lie down and quite calmly die. She would die, leaving to Mary her fragrant memory. That, praised be Heaven, would be granted her. She would lie, unsullied, in her solitary grave—a grave all alone! She stipulated that. Neither of those men whose portraits lay locked in the drawer, the young man and the old, should bear her company through that long, that last journey. She must be untrammelled, undisturbed. She must make her preparation.

It wanted but two nights to the wedding, and the lover came at the usual time. The Grandmother, alone upstairs, heard him. Directly he entered the house there was a difference. Something sombre bore him company.

So the moment had come, after all. Some woman had been skilful enough—had gained his ear. What devils these women were! Didn't she know that? Was not she also a woman? And only two nights before the wedding! He was a soldier, ordered abroad. The ocean would have been between.

He knew. The Grandmother was sure. Conscience is a crafty counsellor.

She went, this old woman, on tottering legs down the stairs. It was a long flight. What a journey! The bedraggled march of vanquished soldiers was nothing in agony to this—her agonised progress from one door to the other.

The drawing-room stood open. Being an old woman and conservative, she had retained solid furniture. There were hiding-places in plenty. As she doubled round the corner of the china-closet she heard Mary sob. Her Mary! The child was being hurt.

She peeped round. She saw very clearly. Her eyes were young and keen again. The lovers were standing by the window, near that table with the locked drawer where she kept her tragic portraits; where the two men, in amity at last, dwelt together.

Mary's face was hidden in her hands. Emotion violently tweaked her shoulders. The lover was stern, looking a darker man than at other times. He looked judicial, condemnatory. Just like these men!

"I felt it my duty to tell you," he said, in a correct and wooden way.

Mary only sobbed. A tiger passion of maternity nearly made the Grandmother totter out. Maternity! What a passion! Divine, yet wild beast.

"But"—his voice was more tender—"it won't make any difference in my feelings to you, dear one, or—or to our plans for the happy future."

The Grandmother hated him. He dared to stretch out a patronising, protecting hand to her darling. To Mary—pure! He drew her in his arms. They remained so. The Grandmother was filled with scorn. A woman was a slave when she loved; she crept to the curl of the whip. A young woman! When one grew old, one saw the futility of everything—but a good life. A good life! If only she had chosen that!

They were in each other's arms, these lovers. The horror of Mary's face as it topped his square shoulder utterly killed the old woman—before the breath left her body. She was dead, although she stood there, although she could watch and listen. She was dead. Let her foolish heart, if it chose, keep on a little longer the mechanical habit of many years. That made no matter. She was dead. The moment had come—of finality. Mary already hated her. How things repeated themselves! The same events happen in every generation. Mary's mother had looked like that. The world was very boring for a clever woman—a woman of resource. It was, perhaps, as well to have left it.

"She murdered him?" said Mary, in the most distinct, the most shrilly staccato notes.

It seemed another voice. It was another voice—of a new woman who had learned and was pitiless. It rose almost into a shout as she continued, "Grandmother murdered her husband! Don't let me see her again! Take me away, take me away, take me away!"

The old woman watched them. They thought themselves so wise. But they knew nothing. That she killed her husband? Why, yes. But what a trite statement! What a bare fact! They did not know, these untried creatures, the nature of the torments by which he had killed her. An old man to whom she had been sold! That in itself was a mortal wound. True, she had killed his body; but, first, he had slain her soul.

The lover went on, in his level, his business-like voice—

"She was tried for the crime and acquitted. It was not fully proved. A young and lovely woman! They do not prove. But all sensible people felt assured of her guilt, and, later, evidence came to light that—"

"Never mind. Tell me why she did it."

"I cannot tell you. Don't ask."

Mary actually laughed, fixing her eyes on his mouth. "I know. I can guess. The women of our blood learn wickedness by instinct."

The Grandmother faintly groaned. This was true—true.

"She had a lover," continued the girl. "Those women always have."

The young man looked at her with kindling aversion. Distaste ran strangely through his glance of love. It hinted at what his feelings might become in ten years—if Mary played him false. The Grandmother hoped that Mary would be true—hoped it in a dull way. She was already dead and could not trouble very much. Also, where was the good? Every woman of her family proved false—if she lived long enough.

"She had a lover," he admitted, slowly; "a young lover and an old husband."

Mary cried again. Tears and laughter took turn with her. "And I've lived with her all these years! I—I loved her. Was it a—a knife?"

"Poison!"

The brief word, like a pistol-shot. The Grandmother remembered. She recalled the bonnet she had worn when she bought it, and the careful questions she had asked the chemist. She remembered her sly triumph in her secret as she drove home that day, and her pride because she was going to do something which other women had not courage enough to do.

"Poison! Yes. That would be like Grandmother. I—I can't go near her again, or listen to her voice. I should drop down dead if her flesh touched mine. Take me away."

They moved towards the door. They must pass the very spot where she stood. What matter? She was already dead. Fool of a heart—stay still!

If Mary, in passing, would give her one kiss. Mary! A medley chased through her departing brain. Her senses asserted themselves—a final muster. She smelled violet-powder, and heard the gurgling sounds that infants make as, fully fed, they fall on sleep. She cherished the warm, scratching touch of weak hands at her cheek. She tasted the food—insipid, warm, and very sweet. One always tasted the bottle first—just to see that it was the exact heat.

Mary! With an effort, she stretched out her wavering, sinner's hand.

And she saw—a baby face—two faces! One merged into the other. Mary that was her daughter and Mary that was her daughter's daughter had always been more or less one life to her.

This most extraordinary heart of hers! Never had there been one so vital. It was wicked, and the wicked were always strong. A good life! Now supposing that she had lived a good life. Her heart! It surged at her side, promising to burst her wrappings. And yet she was dead, quite dead; hands and feet very cold, the eternal iciness mounting to her lip. She could not move from that corner of the china-closet. She could only, with agony, stretch out her hand, and that but a little way. She would never move again. She would not have to mount the long flight of stairs. What a relief!

"Take me out of this house—this dreadful house! Take me outside—where the air is innocent!"

Mary spoke in a choked and spluttering way.

They were about to pass. Dolt of a heart! Give your last beat! Lie still—for ever!

The Grandmother was dead, yet alive—alive enough to flinch from that glance which Mary would surely throw her.

They came round. Mary shrieked. Likely the Grandmother heard. Her persistent heart was at its last plunge.

"She is here! She is dead!"

The girl dropped on her knees before a being that by this time had, in truth, quite departed—a figure that was bunched out grotesquely on the floor.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

C.G.



A PECULIAR dramatic appropriateness governs Mr. Murray Carson's production, at the Apollo on Saturday evening, of "The Wheat King," a dramatisation of "The Pit," the novel which might not incorrectly be described as one of the trilogy of Frank Norris's novels dealing with Stock Exchange gambling. This

Theatre Royal, Dublin, on the 28th, derives additional interest from the fact that, for the first time probably in the modern history of such entertainments, a father and his daughter will appear in the leading parts, Mr. Tree having decided that Miss Viola Tree shall play Trilby to his Svengali in the first Act of that favourite play, which, on this occasion, will be mated with the first Act of "The Last of the Dandies" and two scenes from "Richard the Second." As Miss Viola Tree stands just over six-foot-one in her stocking-feet—and is, therefore, taller than Mr. Tree himself—she is physically eminently qualified to impersonate the hypnotised daughter of the Latin Quarter.

Miss Tree's height, coupled with the great success she has made as Viola, has naturally attracted attention to her fitness for another Shaksperian part, still more arduous, namely, Rosalind, and sooner or later—probably sooner than later—an announcement to that effect may be expected. In that case, Mr. Tree, considering it the best part in the play, will probably cast himself for Jaques rather than for Touchstone, which many people have come to regard as the finer part, though it is not associated with the names of the "great" actors. The reason for this is obvious. The famous actors of the past were essentially men of the heavy order, and had by no means that alacrity of spirit and nimble wit on the stage—whatever they may have had in private—so characteristic of Mr. Tree's versatile art.

The example of the late Augustin Daly, to whom we owe the modern habit of representing the classical plays in three Acts instead of in the more ancient five, is not to be followed at the Mermaid Society's performance of Congreve's "The Way of the World," which will occupy the stage of the Court Theatre on the evening of Sunday, 17th inst., and the following Monday and Tuesday afternoons. The result of the postponement from last month has been to greatly modify and improve the cast. It was originally intended that it should be in part amateur and in part professional. Mirabel and Millament, for instance, were to have been played by non-professionals, while now they will be acted by Mr. C. M. Hallard and Miss Ethel Irving. Considerable interest is naturally being manifested in Miss Irving's case, as it is practically her London débüt on the regular as opposed to the musical-comedy stage, while the part is associated with the genius of America's greatest comedy-actress, Miss Ada Rehan.



MADAME RÉJANE AS "LA MONTANSIER," IN HER NEW PLAY OF THAT NAME AT THE GAÎTÉ THEATRE, PARIS.

Photograph by Boyer.

is usually the time when the not infrequent attempt to corner the wheat-market, plans and preparations for which have been laid for months, begins to be whispered if not noised abroad.

The great sensational scene takes place in the "Wheat Pit" in Chicago. To add "artistic verisimilitude" to what, with its wealth of excitement, could not even by Mr. Gilbert be considered "a bald and unconvincing narrative," the scene has been designed and will be stage-managed under the superintendence of an American stockbroker who is himself a member of the "Pit" of Chicago. London will, therefore, have the opportunity of seeing an exact reproduction of what goes on in the Exchange which, to a large extent at least, rules the wheat-market of the world.

The play is made additionally interesting in that it is the work of two women, Mrs. G. C. Ashton-Jonson and Miss Elliott Page, in collaboration, a by no means frequent method of work. Capital will, no doubt, be made by many writers out of the fact that it throws a strong side-light on the feminine craze for gambling, about which moralists write so constantly in vain, for, while men have left the novel alone, women have found in it an attractive subject. The play comes with a great reputation from New York, where it has had a striking success, the leading part being played by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who was the original representative of Svengali. Mr. Lackaye's part will, naturally, be played by Mr. Carson himself, and he is confident he will find in it the greatest part since he acted the Doctor in "David."

Interesting as it is in itself, the Command Performance at the



THE REVIVAL OF "LA POUPÉE" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S:
MR. WILLIE EDOUIN AS HILARIUS.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

KEY-NOTES

HOLY WEEK is naturally the opportunity of ecclesiastical music; and, no doubt, throughout the length and breadth of the land, such music has just recently been brought forward, not so much for the purpose of exciting admiration as for the desire to prove publicly what ecclesiastical sentiment really means. Plain-Song is the be-all and end-all of nearly everything which is old-fashioned in clerical music, and Plain-Song therefore naturally takes its place as the exponent of the art of music, so far as it concerns the religious feeling of men and women.

There are many places where the music of Eastertide is recognised as almost a sacred thing; but one ventures to think that in very few places does the spirit of the ancient monastic chant so inform the thoughts that are connected with the Paschal time of the year as at the Northern Abbey dedicated to St. Benedict at Fort Augustus. Here one may hear sung, without any attempt at exaggeration, the beautiful music of a past age which gave itself up entirely to the simple and single feeling of a religious ideal; here, therefore, one inherits, in a certain sense, a past of singular monastic beauty and of musical simplicity. In a word, at Fort Augustus one is transported to a world of music which, beautiful and complete in itself, if one may paraphrase the words of Whistler, summarises a chapter of art before which and after which there is no necessity to make any sort of comparison. Of course, the point has been urged before in connection with the art of painting, but music, unfortunately, is still regarded as the maid-of-all-work.

In these days, musical news is something lax, for, indeed, just before the orgie in store for us, from the beginning of the Opera Season, there is little enough to occupy one's attention, beyond the customary hardy annuals which inevitably accompany the work of the Royal Choral Society, and *hoc genus omne*. The Royal Choral Society, under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge, knows its work thoroughly, and there is probably no composition in the world which it knows better than Handel's "Messiah." When one looks back upon the matter with a certain amount of definite consideration, one feels a kind of terror in the presence of what has been called Handel's masterpiece. This is not because we have any disregard for the merits of the work, but simply because we cannot help feeling that, great as it is, its great qualities are not quite equal to the appreciation which the public lavishes upon it. "Oxen and wain-ropes" would not drag from us our own opinion on the precise extent to which we apportion blame either upon the side of the public or upon the side of the universal enthusiast; but it remains that the work has become almost a British Institution, and that its interpretation was, on Good Friday, under the conductorship of Sir Frederick Bridge, as good as could possibly be expected from a choir so unwieldy and so necessarily numerous as that which is known by the style and title of the Royal Choral Society. It is only wonderful that Sir Frederick Bridge is able to accomplish so much with forces so inevitably irregular and indeterminate.

The Covent Garden Opera Season should indeed provide one with many interesting experiences, inasmuch as Mr. Higgins has been doing his very best to introduce upon the London stage works that are both new and attractive, and artists that are Continentally famous and personally interesting. Mr. Higgins is one of the very few men who thoroughly understand what music, of a modern kind, means to the present generation; and he therefore chooses to seek everywhere for the best things in the modern world of musical art, and to introduce the results of his endeavours to the British public. Now and then, of course, it must happen that the personal equation does not altogether fit in with the general verdict of the public; that is obviously a matter of give and take; and one may rest assured that Mr. Higgins will always remain among those who recognise failure as quickly as they recognise success.

Everything has happened in New York as we had expected that it would happen; that is, to say, the production of "Parsifal" in America, despite all the excitement which ran before it (like the morning star), has quieted down, and the result has been that there is to be recorded just the partial success which necessarily must attach to a work not wholly devoted, so far as the plot is concerned, to one particular side of religion, while, on the musical side, it is much more simple and intelligible than the whole of the "Ring des Nibelungen" or "Tristan." Perhaps the extraordinary sweetness and simplicity of a great deal of that music may have gone far towards ensnaring the average spiritual man into the net of a work which, on other grounds, must necessarily appeal strongly to him; yet, for sheer beauty of phrasing, "Parsifal" has no rival in the whole tale of Wagner's ultimate achievement.

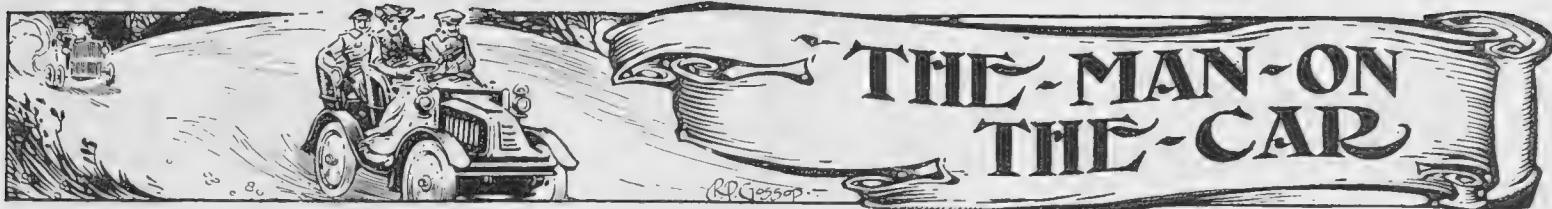
COMMON CHORD.

Signor Tito Mattei is not only "Pianist to the King of Italy," but he has composed some of the most popular dance-music of the day. Few great musicians can look back to so successful a career. At the early age of eleven he became a Professor at the St. Cecilia Academy in Rome, and he was still a boy when his exquisite playing delighted the then Pope, who, as a token of his admiration, gave him a gold medal. Signor Mattei's works are known to every lover of music; particularly, perhaps, "Oh! oh! Hear the wild wind blow" and "Dear Heart."



SIGNOR TITO MATTEI AT HOME.

Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.



Accidents—Courtesy on the Road—Police-Traps and Timing—Trials and Tests—Glasgow to London—Hotels—The Clutch.

UNFORTUNATELY the Easter holidays did not pass over without two or three rather serious motor-car accidents being reported in different parts of the country. Now accidents take place with all wheeled traffic at all times, but when this is the case with horse-drawn vehicles we find the incidents dismissed in insignificant three-line paragraphs in the columns of the public Press, while the motor accidents are thrown up in bold relief by sensational head-lines, startling sub-headings, and many superfluous adjectives. Irresponsible writers fairly let themselves go in suggesting all sorts and descriptions of restrictions—the closing of roads, hills, and the reduction of speed everywhere to a funereal crawl. The horse may kill its thousands and little be said, but when the motor slays its units a cry goes up from the halfpenny sensation-mongers as though the motor-car, instead of being at once the safest and the fastest road-vehicle, was a veritable chariot of death to which the war-cars of Boadicea were but a circumstance. The craze for sensational announcement has already done the motor-car industry more harm than enough—it is at the bottom of the savage penalties of the present Act—and newspaper proprietors who have any sort of regard for the prosperity of a new industry would render the State a service if they would strive to check the ink-slinging of their servants in this particular.

A year or two ago, if one happened upon a mishap on the road, every automobilist who chanced to come along during the enforced halt would slow down his car to ask if the stranded one had everything he wanted and if any assistance could be rendered. Of late, this courtesy has been observed to be a lost quantity, and, where automobilists were long since wont to pull up, as I have indicated, they now whirl by, in a cloud of dust, apparently without a thought as to the troubles with which the arrested unfortunate

may be struggling. The surcease of this gentle courtesy is greatly to be regretted, for, when stopped on the road, it was comforting to realise that the next man along would certainly pull up, ask what was wrong, and go off at least to send assistance, if he could not render it. The *camaraderie* of the pastime is vanishing, alas, with the growing prevalence of chauffeur-driving. There are many car-owners to-day who drive by the hired man, and, when anything goes awry with their propulsive mechanism, just sit rugged and cloaked until it is put right, and so never experience the tribulations of the man who is his own mechanic, and accordingly feel no sympathy when they see him in trouble. The hired man would probably stop if he could, but awaits his master's signal, which is now seldom given.

There is something so sneaking and un-English about police-traps that one has hardly patience to write of them, particularly when in no less than three cases lately the magistrates before whom the cases were brought did, by their dismissals of the cases, practically convict the policemen concerned, if not of perjury, at least of unreliability in the formulation of their evidence. Automobilists would do well to keep a careful eye upon such journals as the *Autocar*, where most valuable information with regard to the location of police-traps appears week by week, in order that, being forewarned, they may be forearmed against the mean measures of the constabulary. By the expert evidence which Mr. Staples Firth has from time to time brought before them, magistrates have been convinced of the utter incompetency of the police to clock speed by means of stop-watches; how much less

can they be expected correctly to handle a delicate electrical timing apparatus which, as in the case of certain Welbeck trials, failed again and again to perform correctly in the hands of expert electricians. Nevertheless, such an apparatus has been put down on the Brighton Road, over a furlong between the thirty-eighth and fortieth milestones, on a falling slope about Bolney Common.

A very excellent suggestion appears in the *Automobile Club Journal*, to the effect that, as reliability trials are, in reality, no longer required in connection with high-priced cars of well-known makes which have practically established their reputation, this year these trials should be confined to cars costing £200 and under. Further, it is pointed out that what would be of infinite value to intending purchasers would be the knowledge that, by the purchase of a 20 horse-power rather than a 12 horse-power car, buyers were really getting an increase of horse-power on the road-wheels of the vehicle. It is curious that the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland have been so dilatory in installing a b.-h.-p. testing-machine at their garage, for there is

little doubt that the fees paid for tests both by manufacturers and owners would have repaid the cost of such a machine over and over again. We are as much in the dark to-day as to the loss of power in transmission as we were five years ago, and the Club has done nothing to help us out.

On May 19 and 20 the Scottish Automobile Club will again hold their Glasgow to London non-stop run, in which so large a number of cars took part last year. Although this trip is styled a non-stop run, the cars, their drivers, and their live loads stop at Leeds overnight, but the cars, upon arrival in the Yorkshire city, are driven straight into a garage without being touched in any way, and start again next morning, as though

they had stopped only for a few minutes by the roadside. All filling up with petrol, oil, and all adjustments whatsoever, have to be carried out on the road, and the time taken in effecting this work is debited against the car by the observer who travels right through thereon.

If the hotels up and down the South Coast and elsewhere desire to qualify specifically for the custom of automobilists, they will have to form themselves very largely upon the lines followed by Mr. C. H. Warne, of Warne's Hotel, Worthing. At that thoroughly well-appointed and well-managed house, a covered garage, capable of sheltering no less than forty cars, has been put up, and, when I looked in there early on Bank Holiday morning to buy Carless and Capel for my motor-bicycle, I found no less than twenty-seven automobiles there bestowed. They ranged from 22 horse-power Daimlers to 6 horse-power Humberettes, including several interesting cars, such as the new Brooke, an Auto-Dass, and a 20 horse-power Decauville.

If car-driving is to become a lady's pastime, constructors will have to give some attention to lessening the foot-thrust and pressure necessary to the withdrawal of the clutch when changing speed. It is strange that so little regard has been paid to this feature, for even practised automobilists will be heard complaining sorely of "clutch-knee" after a long day's drive. It would surely be very simple to introduce some mechanical means of locking the clutch-pedal down when desired, and so relieving the foot of all strain during a long descent.



THE NICE FÊTES: LADY FALCONER AND MRS. WALKER MUNROE IN THE FIRST-PRIZE CAR, TYPIFYING THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Illustration by J. Rossop

Epsom—The Guineas—The Craven Meeting—Racecourses.

THE Epsom Spring Meeting will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday next week; and, if His Majesty is present, there should be a bumper attendance. I walked the course a day or two back, and found it perfect going. Indeed, for years past Mr. H. M. Dorling has possessed one of the finest race-tracks in England. I trust



H. W. STEVENSON, THE EX-BILLIARD CHAMPION, PLAYING A SLOW SCREW CANNON.

the Great Metropolitan track has been plainly marked, so that we may not see the race run twice this year. There should be a very pretty contest for the "Publicans' Derby," as it is called by the fancy. I think Mark Time, who is thoroughly fit, will win easily, and Torrent ought, at least, to get a place. The City and Suburban will this year, at any rate, provide plenty of speculation, and the winner may take some finding. Palmy Days is a great tip in Yorkshire, and Cerisier is fancied by many who saw the race for the Lincoln Handicap. Bass Rock is also a great tip at Newmarket, and he will bear the course. Sun Rose is too unlucky to be trusted, and Csardas is under suspicion. I think the race will be won by Burses, who is owned by Mr. J. Hammond. The horse ran respectably both in the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. He is said to be very fit. I think Palmy Days ought to finish in the first three.

The race for the Two Thousand Guineas will be run on April 27, and we should see some useful three-year-olds contesting. Henry the First and St. Amant are both due to run; the former is improving in his work, but he may not be quite fit, as Gilbert wants to win the Derby. St. Amant is a beautiful galloper and is said to be ready to run. Blackwell has a useful candidate in Sweeper. His Majesty has five entered for the Two Thousand, but I am sorry to hear that there is not a good one among them. Santry is very likely to trouble the Newmarket horses in the race, and Clonimell is doing a good preparation. If John Porter runs anything, it will be Rydal Head, but the master of Kingsclere is anxious to win one more Derby, and the colt may be saved for the Epsom race. I think Sweeper will win, and St. Amant ought to get a place. Pretty Polly is a great tip for the One Thousand Guineas, but she has done very little work, although it is said a couple of strong gallops would bring her to hand. Fiancée is very likely to run well for this race, and Lord Rosebery may supply a dangerous candidate in Catscradle.

Racing has opened tamely at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, which, by-the-by, is the only flat-race fixture in England on three days of this week. There should be a good race for the Babraham Handicap. I am told the race is a good thing for Chanter, but it should not be forgotten that Blackwell has been dead out of form up to now this season. Bass Rock may frighten away all opposition in the Sale Stakes, and The Warrior may capture the Column Produce Stakes. The Granby Plate should go to Cadwal, who got off badly at Kempton. I like Musk Rose for the Apprentices' Handicap and Mimicry for the Flying Handicap. It is expected that a large field will go to the post for the Craven Stakes on Thursday, and there is a big tip going about for Admiral Breeze, who is owned by Mr. Musker. I expect, however, that Airlie, who was very fit and a winner at Liverpool, will score again here. The Bennington Stakes looks a good thing on paper for The Scribe, who belongs to the Duke of Portland. His Grace is Master of the Horse, and I suggest that, if possible, the Master of the Horse should always become a Steward of the Jockey Club. The arrangement would, I think, work well.

The time has arrived when the Stewards of the Jockey Club must insist on all racecourses being well kept. The accident to the jockey Hardy at Northampton has drawn attention to the fact that the race-track has not been kept in proper order, while the disqualification of Jupiter Pluvius for going the wrong side of a post at the same meeting proves that more care is required in mapping out the courses. All racing-men of intelligence are agreed that race-tracks should be railed in from start to finish. Further, all the starting-posts should be painted, so that the general public might know where the races started.

CAPTAIN COE.

The three matches of eighteen thousand up, on level terms, between Charles Dawson, the Champion, and H. W. Stevenson, the ex-Champion, are arousing a good deal of interest among lovers of billiards. The first of these, played at the Lesser Free Trade Hall, Manchester, was brought to a conclusion on Easter Monday, when Stevenson delighted the company present by a masterly display, and, after a succession of fine breaks, ran out an easy winner by 1884 points.

The Duchess of Sutherland has always been an exceptionally fine horsewoman. Her Grace shares her love of outdoor life and of riding with her half-sister, Lady Warwick, and, like the latter, she set her children on pony-back at a very early age. Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower often accompanies her mother on horseback when the Duchess is at Trentham, and, till lately, the Duke of Sutherland's only daughter always rode astride.



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Photograph by Fall, Baker Street, W.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE nice, accommodating gentlemen who form the Administration of the Boulogne Casino gave an added attraction to the Easter holiday-maker by throwing open the Cercle and *petits-chevaux* rooms for their amusement. Tempted jointly by these disedifying delights as well as by perfect weather, we cried halt on the



[Copyright.]

A NEW SPRING GOWN.

way to Paris and spent two exciting afternoons and evenings in the pursuit of flying fortune at *chemin-de-fer* and baccarat. A few worthy bourgeois Gauls, with a sprinkling of British trippers of the more prosperous variety, filled the rooms, while in recognisable evidence one saw the usual half-smart and wholly *déclassé* English type of gambler which is equally in evidence at Monte Carlo or Port Said—the people whose well-dressed existence is a mystery to that portion of the community which pays its debts and goes to church on Sunday: a mystery that involves living by wits or on other people's lack of them, in starting Clubs, promoting Companies, being always well-dressed, and never by any chance paying for anything that can be obtained on credit. The methods of this especial fraternity are interesting to observe—from a distance.

Meanwhile Paris, when eventually sighted, repaid the uninteresting railway journey well. The Bois as gay and glowing as only that paradise of greenery can be in spring, smart spring-clothes throwing one into successive bewilderments at every step, and Auteuil on Monday glittering with exquisite colour on all sides. Nearly all the women, one noticed, wore the new arrangement of hair, which rolls over a coil at one side of the back and is finished by a large comb of varying elaboration. The fashion is attendant on the present reign of the mid-Victorian hat-shapes, which do not go with a high-piled coiffure.

And, apropos of hair, St. Paul, who was a man of the world before he became a saint, gave it as his opinion that a woman's hair was her glory, as it unquestionably is. In the experienced and more deceitful old age of this planet, however, women have discovered that Nature's deficiencies can be most adequately made good in this and in other

matters; so the modern coiffeur holds an important office in her "altogether" nowadays, with his transformations, and toupees, and pin-curls, and waved bandeaux, and Pompadours, and goodness knows what besides, inasmuch as these aids to glorification are most useful, not to add becoming, and, when obtainable, moreover, for such quite reasonable prices as asked, *par exemple*, by the Universal Hair Manufacturing Company, of 84, Foxberry Road, Brockley, S.E., are not to be otherwise than seriously regarded and speedily acquired by all who would look lovely at small cost and no trouble.

Good folk north of the Tweed who are privileged to view the yacht just built by Sir William Armstrong and Co. for the Sultan of Turkey will receive an object-lesson in opulence that should open their austere Northern eyes. The furnishing and decoration, which have been carried out by Warings, are eighteenth-century Renaissance, hangings of crimson silk and velvet, with seats and carpets to match, and panelled walls of walnut and oak. There are Imperial dining-saloons, bedrooms, study, special quarters for the Princes, others for guests, and the entire ship is a dream of Eastern splendour modified by the restrained "good-taste" of eighteenth-century traditions in England. The dining-room, in green and gold, sounds very inviting, and a bath-room of marble reads like a reminiscence of "Arabian Nights'" splendour. Altogether, when at sea in his own particular yacht, it must feel distinctly nice to be Sultan of Turkey, with the ailments of Europe's "Sick Man" laid at least temporarily aside. The Bosphorus must be unimaginably delightful, judging from one's friends' enthusiastic accounts, always provided one does not get mixed



[Copyright.]

A FASHIONABLY TRIMMED RACE-GOWN.

up with Turkish delights or Turkish politics, or other Moslem sweetmeats, and so get hamstrung or bowstrung, or whatever other string is played on out there, for one's pains. One hears all the Turkish ladies get so fat before twenty from eating sweets and lolling about on gold embroideries—which sounds romantic, but must really feel rather

rasping, Turkish embroideries are so very much in relief. Mrs. Adair ought to start a beauty-shop out at Constantinople. I feel sure she would have a speedy influx of portly clients all crying out to be relieved of their premature wrinkles by means of her "Ganesh Chin Strap," or her "Ganesh Bandelettes," or her Ganesh forehead appliance, or the dozen other aids to restored youth and beauty which that wonderful woman has domesticated at 5, Rue Cambon, and 90, New Bond Street.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

STILLY NIGHT (Belfast).—Everything of the sort is overdone in London, but, if there is a sufficiently large public in your own town, why not start something of the kind there? I have known such small industries as sweet or cake making, or a special pickle or preserve, bring in quite a nice income by being judiciously advertised from the most remote centres in the ladies' papers. Try the *Queen*, *Lady's Pictorial*, and *Lady* for your home-made productions. They all have large circulations and reach the public you want. Quite *en parenthèse*, I always maintain a really smart restaurant will pay anywhere. They are so rarely well done out of France. Given unimpeachable cooking and the direction of a clever woman, it ought to do.—SYBIL.

The public libraries in Iceland have made a pathetic appeal for books, especially for English books, since the foreign tongue most generally known throughout the island is English. "The large public libraries will most gladly receive any books whatever, since their means for purchases are very restricted, and the demands of their readers insatiable; but for the smaller book-collections scattered over the land useful or entertaining rather than purely learned books will be especially acceptable, for not only is the fondness for reading everywhere growing, but the opportunity for it in the long evenings of winter is most ample." Communications should be addressed to "Mimir, Lungo il Mugnone 11, Florence, Italy."

The Season will certainly provide a new sensation if, as is now prophesied, Rotten Row is to be filled with fair horsewomen riding astride! Already a good many little girls are thus taught to witch the world with divided-skirt horsemanship, for it is said to be safer than the old-fashioned side-saddle style. Of course, when travelling in out-of-the-way and wild countries, all sensible women-travellers ride astride as a matter of course, and doubtless some of these adventurous ladies, among them Lady Sarah Wilson and the famous traveller, Mrs. Bishop, have spread the report that in this matter, at any rate, modern man is in advance of modern woman. In England, many fair members of the Exmoor Hunt also ride to hounds in this novel fashion. Of course, great changes have taken place in horsewomen's attire during the last fifty years. When Queen Victoria was a girl, riding-habits almost swept the ground and plumed hats *à la Diana Vernon* were worn. Then came the short safety-skirt, which has undoubtedly saved many horsewomen from a horrible death; but for long the chimney-hat was considered *de rigueur*, at any rate in London.

This handsome silver statuette of a trooper in review order has been presented to Captain and Adjutant T. M. S. Pitt, on the occasion of his marriage, by the non-commissioned officers and troopers of the Westminster Dragoons Imperial Yeomanry, and was handed to

Captain Pitt by Colonel Burn at the Annual Regimental Dinner. The statuette was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Wilson and Gill, the Goldsmiths, of 139 and 141, Regent Street.

For the Epsom Spring Races on the 19th and 20th inst., the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a special service of trains from Charing Cross, Waterloo, St. Paul's, Cannon Street, and London Bridge to Tattenham Corner Station, and vice versa. Tattenham Corner Station is the only station actually on the course, and is within five minutes' walk of the Grand Stand. The last

special train will leave Charing Cross at 1.25 p.m. Two additional direct trains (first-class only) will leave Charing Cross at 11.50 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., returning from Tattenham Corner at 5.15 and 5.20 p.m. Fast trains will leave Tattenham Corner at 4.45, and 4.50 p.m. for London Bridge, Waterloo, and Charing Cross, and also at frequent intervals after the races for London Bridge, Cannon Street, St. Paul's, Waterloo, and Charing Cross.



SILVER STATUETTE PRESENTED TO
CAPTAIN T. M. S. PIT.

CAR COMING!

The careful driver pulls his horses round,
And in the press of traffic loses ground;
He hears a little, palpitating sound—
Car coming!

As if allured by some enchanted thread,
He sees her steal where 'buses fear to tread,
And, gaining twenty yards, shoot on ahead—
Car coming!

Now far behind the din of traffic fades,
She swings discreetly through suburban shades,
Disturbing butcher-boys and nursery-maids—
Car coming!

Shops scatter, red-brick villas come and go,
The pavement narrows and the gardens grow,
Through dingy hedges fields begin to show—
Car coming!

The open country lies serene and fair,
A quiver strikes the solitary air,
The cattle, idly browsing, pause and stare—
Car coming!

The trudging rustic hears the throbbing gust,
And watches with a taciturn distrust
The growing speck—the trailing cloud of dust—
Car coming!

The landscape disappears into the night,
A moving brilliance flashes into sight,
Two radiant orbs of glowing, golden light—
Car coming!

Silent and self-sufficient and alone,
On through the sombre, unexplored unknown,
Like drifting leaf before the tempest blown—
Car coming!

JESSIE POPE.

A LITERARY BOHEMIAN.

The author of "Don Quichotte," the romantic play in verse in which Armand Bour is having so big a success at the Victor Hugo Theatre in the rôle of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, is, in himself, an interesting and peculiar character of Bohemian Paris, for Jacques le Lorrain is one of those Bohemians of whom Murger wrote, a poet by the grace of God and lazy by his birthright, as he phrases it himself. He could, if he would, write in prose, for he has written two successful novels, and a comedy which was played at the Vaudeville; but prose was too ordinary an expression for his gifts, he thought, and for a year he literally starved upon unsaleable verse. And then one day, apparently without a reason, but not altogether without rhyme, Jacques le Lorrain opened a cobbler's booth out in the Latin Quarter, and there, in a small street, appeared his sign in very poor verse. Le Lorrain comes from the country of Cyrano de Bergerac and has the Gascon buoyancy of temperament. He made good shoes and shockingly bad verses in the olden days, because it was his business to make verse; and just as soon as making shoes became his trade, the verse improved and the shoes deteriorated in proportion. He shut the shoe-shop up, but an account of it had found its way into the public Press, and Le Lorrain found that by not sticking to his last fame had come to him at the eleventh hour.

NATIONAL MUSIC AND THE SCOTTISH BAGPIPES.

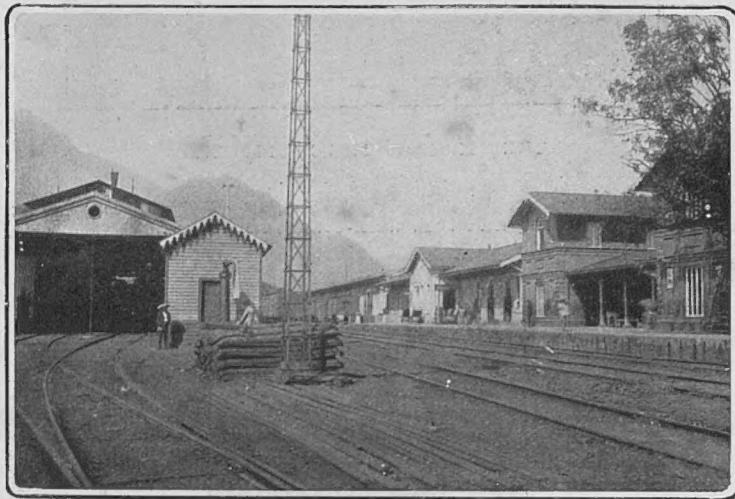
There is a good deal of talk just now on the subject of National Music; indeed, although one writes the words "just now," one feels that the matter is practically a perpetual strain upon one's musical instincts. Precisely where nationality comes in and cosmopolitanism goes out would be a very difficult matter to decide; but, nevertheless, there is no doubt about the fact that in these days the music of Scotland, for example, has become more and more insistent for those who have happened constantly to travel in those northern parts of this island. One quite recognises the fact that the monotonous soughing of the wind along the bleak hills makes for the pedal note of the bagpipe; one also understands that the mystery of sound as the same wind runs in and out of the higher peaks which are peculiar to Scotland is also easily to be identified with the higher notes of the same instrument; and therewith one gets a combination which is altogether unique, and which, in its own way, can have no rival. Therefore, it is necessary for the musician to perpend, before he makes any definite verdict upon a matter which historically involves so many past interests and is identified with thoughts so historically engrossing. Nevertheless, one would like to know the opinion of such a musician, let us say, as Richard Strauss or Edward Elgar as to the precise orchestral value of the bagpipes before one comes to a definite conclusion upon any particular branch of their work; of this, however, one may be quite certain, that, taken by themselves, these instruments are wholly and completely impossible, so far as any real and distinct effect, from the artistic point of view, is concerned.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 26.

SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT.

ALTHOUGH it cannot be said that, from a Stock Exchange point of view, the "oof-bird's egg" (in the shape of a revival of business) has yet hatched, there has, since the Easter holidays, been a distinct improvement in the general tone of the markets; nor has this state of affairs been confined to any particular group, for



THE MEXICAN RAILWAY: ORIZABA STATION.

it is true of every section of the House, and especially of the two leading speculative markets, Yankees and Kaffirs.

The ease of the Money Market, and vague hopes that perhaps the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street may soon lower the official rate, have assisted matters, but, so far, while the markets are all cheerful, and, judging from the noise made, a casual observer would imagine that a large business was being transacted, the dealing has been mostly professional; still, the confidence of the jobbers, if it can only be maintained, is likely to become infectious, especially as our relations with France have now been put on a satisfactory basis, and this should encourage both the English and French public to come out of their respective shells. Consols, which last month were done at a very small fraction over 85, and which even started this month at 86, are now practically 87½, while Egyptian issues have shown considerable strength on the arrangements for the release of the surplus funds and their employment in works of public improvement.

YANKEE AND FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

For a market to be more or less led by such a stock as United States Steel Preferred is not the most cheerful sign that could be wished for it. The advance in Americans, which we dared to prophesy some three weeks ago, has certainly put in intermittent appearances, and now the market looks as though the big people were going to let it run by itself for a while. Traffics and statements go for little when the voice of the buyer is heard in the land, and nobody doubts that the statistics can be so skilfully presented as to give almost any impression that may be desired. The Yankee Market is a very professional one, and therefore highly dangerous, but the adroit speculator who plays for small stakes is more likely to be successful in leaning towards the bull side for a time, than in continuing the generally successful bear operations.

Mexican Rails are displaying something like their old form in their wide fluctuations. The dividend, expected to be at the rate of about 2½ to 3 per cent., will be announced shortly, but the recent good prices are based more upon the traffics for the past three months, and the effect of these takes will be felt in the accounts of the current half-year, not in those of the period for which the dividend is soon to be declared. Our suggestion that the First Preference stock should be kept for, at any rate, 80, still holds good. With regard to Argentine Rails, the snap is just now out of the market, for the reason that there are few things to "go for" at the moment. The traffics keep remarkably good, and there is no reason whatever why the stocks should be sold, although, from the speculator's standpoint, a purchase now is not likely, in our opinion, to show any early profit of substantial amount.

LAND AND LAND SHARES.

In all quarters of the globe the value of land is showing an appreciable tendency to advance, and capitalists of all kinds are devoutly thankful at the turn which events have taken in Australia, for instance. There the protracted drought had caused an alarming shrinkage in value, which shrinkage, however, is being slowly supplanted by a better feeling now that the land is again likely to become enhanced in price as the country returns to more normal conditions under the rains. In Canada, too, the Hudson's Bay Company is experiencing a large and growing demand for its

territories. The magnificent harvest of last year far outweighs the recent terrible weather in the eye of the emigrant, and it must be remembered that Canada is attracting hundreds of United States citizens, as well as those from our own islands. Hudson's Bay shares have not reached the price that we have predicted for them, but they are getting up towards that 50 which they are worth, and we may, perhaps, be allowed a certain satisfaction in seeing the course of the price bearing out our oft-repeated views. The Transvaal and Rhodesia both boast a wide variety of Land Companies whose claims to attention are strong enough to deserve more consideration than can be devoted to them in a brief note. Of these Companies it may be said, however, that their shares frequently offer a more attractive speculation than those of Companies which are dependent almost exclusively upon one single mine or one single industry.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Better late than never!" panted The Jobber, falling over six different feet as a porter pushed him into the carriage and slammed his door with a bang.

"I shouldn't trouble to apologise," remarked The Broker, icily, looking at his boots.

"My dear boy, I've often told you that if you will persist in having such small feet you mustn't mind my falling over them."

"That is so," nodded The Engineer, gravely. "But how about mine?" And he, too, looked down with a pained expression.

"Talking about Kaffirs," began The Jobber, with delightfully comfortable irrelevance, "you can't say I didn't implore you all to get in before this rise came."

"Blew hot one day and cold the next; that's what *you* did," The Merchant complained. "You were as variable as our statesmen when the Boer War was pending."

"Great is Lord Milner of the Chinesians!" and The Jobber lifted his hat with touching reverence. "Thanks to him, the Ordinance; thanks to the Ordinance, the present Kaffir animation. Q.E.D."

"And now how do we stand?" asked The Engineer, vaguely.

"Buy yourself always the better-class shares, put them away if it's necessary for three months, and then bring them out and take your profits. Q.E.F." and The Jobber looked round for commendation.

"Much better stick to Home Rails," laughed The Engineer. "L.N.W.R., for instance."

"Oh, dry—"

"—those tears, I think you were going to observe," put in The Merchant. "Then"—he turned to The Jobber—"we need not hurry to sell our Kaffirs just yet?"

"Sell everything you have except Kaffirs and sleep in peace," replied the prophet.

"Including Consols?" and The Banker looked amused.

"In such matters I bow to superior wisdom," he returned, with a genuine admiration for the old gentleman. "May I inquire how Consols are likely to go?"

"Who can tell?" The Banker answered him. "Not I, least of all, for I have seen expectations thwarted too often for me to claim any deeper knowledge than others."

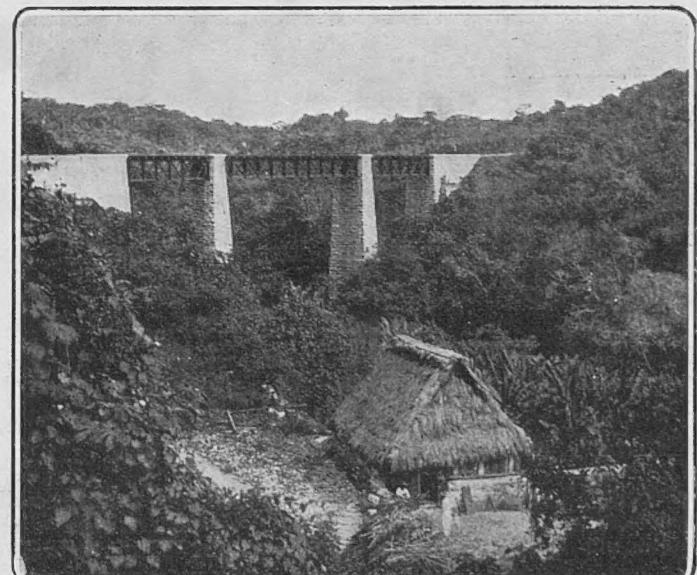
"Having protested you cannot tell, now tell us," The Merchant said.

"In spite of all the numberless new issues that rumour speaks of as pending, I fail to see why we should have Consols much lower."

"Lombard Street for ever!" cried The Jobber. "If Consols are good, everything else is bound to follow their example. But I'm solemnly afraid things are too good to last, and that they will all come back to their old state."

"What's that?" asked The Engineer, incautiously.

"R.I.P."



THE MEXICAN RAILWAY: BRIDGE OF CHIQUIHUISTE.

"I wish *you* would," exclaimed the exasperated Broker. "Can't you shut him up?" and he appealed to The City Editor.

"Why should I?" the latter inquired. "A City Editor's business is to listen—not to talk."

The Carriage turned to look at the speaker with intense surprise.

"Perfectly true," continued the journalist, calmly. "It isn't as if I were a solicitor, and had to talk all day."

The Law fired up at this, and when he had finished the compartment seemed to have grown distinctly warmer.

"Which doesn't assist our financial synod in the smallest degree," complained The Engineer.

"Well, go ahead with your Home Rails, if you *must* talk shop," retorted The Jobber. "Makes me perfectly ill to hear how certain people must run in shop-talk at every opportunity. I almost wish my chief virtue were some other than tact; then I could do likewise."

"If that's your chief virtue, it's gone and got tin-tacked," began The Engineer, the rest of his sentence being drowned in the sudden clamour for his blood.

"Home Rails, as I said—"

"For goodness' sake, rail away!"

"—are bound to improve with Consols."

"Any fool knows that," said The Broker, who was greatly ruffled this particular morning.

"And therefore, I say," added the persevering adviser, "that this is not the time to postpone purchases if anyone's thinking of averaging."

The Jobber looked round the carriage with a critical eye. "Who's going to average?" he demanded, sternly. "Let him walk up."

"You're the silliest ass I ever saw in all my life!" declared The Broker.

"You evidently forgot to look in the glass this morning, young man," replied his tormentor. "Your temper's as erratic as the Yankee Market."

"That is my market," The Merchant observed. "I've been making occasional fivers out of Unions and Southern Pacifics, and I rather like the game."

"It is rather a pleasant one, so long as you don't get the sun in your eyes," The City Editor ventured. "Once become elated with a little profit and go a little farther than you intended, and—"

"What do you know about speculation?" commenced The Solicitor, who was immediately asked for a candid opinion about Liptons.

He shook his head. "I can't see much catch in them," he averred. "I think they ought to be sold."

"Now, if you want a rattling good gamble," said The Broker, "why not have London and India Dock Deferred?"

"Good," confirmed The Engineer. "You may make twenty points or you may lose ten, and the betting favours the former."

"I should say that it would be better to buy the prior charge stocks," The Banker laid down.

"Of course—as an investment. But, speculatively, the Deferred as a rare good gamble."

"What I can't make out," reflected The Engineer, "is why Trunks keep up like they do. The First and Second Preference dividends are most likely to go next time."

"Only for once, though," The Broker reminded him. "And any shortage is certain to be made up at the end of the year. There's a huge bear account, too."

"Can't be a 'huge' bear account in stock like Trunk Firsts, surely?"

"Isn't there, though! Anyway, you can take my word for it that, if it were not for the bears, both Firsts and Seconds would be ten points lower."

"Will they go there?"

"No fear. Perhaps there'll be a slight easing off again, but—Just look at that idiot!"

The Jobber, in essaying to alight before the train stopped, had come to grief.

"It's all right," he explained, airily, to the semi-indignant station-master. "Merely a sharp fall in Industrials, but"—picking himself up—"the recovery was almost as rapid as the drop. 'Morning,' and off he walked before the officials had time to ask for his card.

Saturday, April 9, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

T. N. W. (Natal).—We have handed your letter and drawing to the Editor, to whom it should have been addressed. He will deal with it.

SIMPLICITY and E. P.—You *must* pay. We will try to deal with the law next week. People like you have no business to buy shares without understanding the liability you incur.

GENERAL.—The best Indian mines, such as the two you name, are more investments than speculations. The management is honest in both cases, and you can safely hold shares in either Company.

O. B.—The highest price of Rand Mines since the War was 13 $\frac{3}{10}$ in 1902, and of Geelong Gold, 3 $\frac{7}{8}$ in 1900.

CARLTON HOTEL.—The accounts for the six months ending February last enable the directors to pay the usual six months' interim dividend on the Preference shares, and to declare an interim dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. upon the Ordinary shares. Both dividends are payable on May 1.

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